THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI. NO. 230. APRIL, 1920.

From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

IRENE BORDONI

The charmingly piquant comedienne who is co-starring with Sam Bernard in "As You Were" in a characteristic Easter pose

WHAT IS AN AUDIENCE?

People who are better actors than those they are watching; many giving as good entertainment as they are getting

By WALTER HARTWIG

WHAT is an audience? An audience is a congregation of people who flock together because it is 8:15 or 2:30. A certain common interest in the drama is presupposed but of this there is in reality little but simple pose.

As it is nearly impossible to assemble an audience at any other time there is no doubt that there is witchery rampant at a quarter past eight and at half past two. In a city of six million people there are enough wasters whose time is worth as little at ten in the morning as it is at two in the afternoon but still the fact remains that the morning matinées cannot draw an audience.

An audience, therefore, is the resultant of a habit developed by a class of human beings whose moral force at the mentioned hours is tested and proves weak. Many people know that they are addicts to this hour of curtain time and so they prepare for it in advance by booking tickets. This type of *habitué* of the theatre is the alpha and omega of the speculators.

It is a fair statement to make that only a small percentage of the people who compose the average audience have a common object in listening to or seeing a play. Playgoing is an emotional stimulant that serves many purposes.

THERE is the silk salesman who has the buyer from Dubuque in tow—both bored, the one because he is taking in something merely because he might as well since he is going to buy a big bill of goods to-morrow, anyhow, whereas, the salesman would a lot rather be home and in bed than listen to the buyer's extravagant twaddle with its naive Dubuque twist. Perhaps it is the fourth time that he has seen the show—it is probably one of those girl and music shows designed to tire the business man and induce sleep and the boredom is about complete. As the salesman has lied to his guest when he told him that he had not seen the show before he is very likely acting harder than the actors register joy and surprise. To this large class of audience the drama serves the noble purpose of disposing of three hours' time and seling a hundred bolts of silk.

Next we will count out Jane and Jerry, between the fat of the engagement ring and the fire of matrimony. This is Jane's hay day you might say. The thing to do is to see all the plays that there are, there will be time to think about them after the minister has gotten in his work. It is about an even fight for interest between the play and the actors on one side and the adoration, the curiosity, the hope with a dash of suspicion that she indulges in while Jerry sits beside his Jane. He is hoping that this barrage of D-110 and D-112 is getting in its deadly work because when the armistice is signed the cut rate office will supply X-210 and X-212. To this class the drama serves the ends of nature and must look for its appreciation in the future of the race.

In a box over there is Passionata Pilgrim the devoted and beloved wife of Munnygrub Pilgrim. In her vocational hours she is Advising Director of the management of the Pilgrim Nursery in which there are two French governesses, a Montessori expert, ten thousand dollars' worth of toys, a Chinese dog and an adopted child.

BUT this is Passionata's hour of recreation and she is uniquely employed making mental illicit love to the sensuous Jack Garrick. Every Wednesday afternoon at two-thirty her whole soul just marches out dragging with it the furs and feathers that are the wife of Munnygrub Pilgrim and for two hours she enjoys the sin of solitary illegitimate devotion. When Jack makes his appearance her hour is at hand. It is all in the dark too which heightens the romantic effect of it and she has observed that the emotions are far more sensitive and potent in the shadows. For two hours he is hers—not alone, of course, because he is playing to capacity business, especially on Wednesday afternoons—but, she is his anyhow. Oh the luxury of mental sin! As she passes out of the theatre she makes another appointment with her lover by booking a box for the next Wednesday afternoon and then she makes her guilty way back home. She feels the martyrdom of the marriage vow as she meets Munny at the dinner table in his clumsy dinner coat and his bow legs. She rather pities him though because he doesn't know that she is deceiving him and can never find out. Her secret will remain forever, holy, between her and—the box office. To the Passionatas the drama serves as confessing priest. It gratifies a kind of Presbyterian lust.

Over there is another type: that dowdy looking woman with the shoddy, if showy rust-colored gown which matches her determined hair. That is walk-up-one-flight Muriel Ltd. "We save you the cost of elevator operators." To her the drama means two sketches out of the first act and five out of the third; the second act was rotten. Seven sketches for $3.30. To Muriel Ltd., a dramatist is a person who places his first scene at a race course, the second in a drawing-room and the third at an embassy ball. She invested $3.30 once for a seat at a play called "John Ferguson"—"Ferguson" sounded like a bank president. The money was just thrown away.

THERE are eight girls over there, all about of an age—eighteen, devotees of the drama each and every one of them. When the spell of the hour came over them they rushed madly to the "drug store." One of them has a "discount card" and the shouter behind the counter handed them eight of the prettiest blue tickets all quite plainly marked $2.20, at only $1.75 each and then the delightful surprise of it all; it was not until they got out of the place that they looked for what theatre it was and not until they got to the theatre did they know what the name of the play was and not until the play was over did they realize that they "just loved it" and never to this day have they found out what the play was all about, except that there were four boxes of chocolates. In the interests of the drama the dentists and the candy manufacturers all over the country could well afford to give one day's receipts to the Actor's Home Fund.

If you only knew it: that young man in F-2 with the obvious cane, well, he is a critic. He would tell you so himself if he thought you could not sense it. He has seen all the plays that have come to Elmira for nine years and four months and he has read Hennequin's "Technique of the Drama," all through—twice. He would be in Elmira yet only there was a sort of call of the blood from Broadway to be a critic. As soon as he knows someone who will introduce him to all of the editors of the New York dailies he is going to put the critic proposition right up to them and when he returns to Elmira next summer they may build an arch for him to walk under or something. That is why he is obliged to look so critically at the play—yes, the whole thing is very critical. For such the drama is a fickle temptress, a rainbow without even its tradition of the pot of gilt.

ROUND and about you they are, all devotees of the drama: the chorus girl whose show is in rehearsal; the young minister who has not yet succeeded in stifling all the animal in him; the members of the cast of the flop that closed last Saturday night; Mademoiselle Lucie du Bouquet and Miss Rosina Dulovitch of No. 5 and No. 7 East Eightieth Street, both cooks; the mayor of Havana and his wife who is having the same thrill that she had on her honeymoon trip the last time she was in New York when she saw Mary Anderson; the policeman on his dull duty; the fireman fighting his ennui—all in the interests of the drama.

There are three men in the last row of the orchestra, two of them look suspicious but the middle one is a funny looking little man who seems conscious of nothing but the absorbing story that the actors are telling and the enchanting way that they are telling it. He manifests a real intelligence about the play. He doesn't seem to belong in the motley, chattering and munching Babylon at all and you are really not so shocked when, at the end of the performance his two guards from Bellevue take him in charge again.

And so they congregate, these addicts of the curse of 2:30 and 8:15, infinite in their variety of interests; most of them unwittingly far better actors than they are watching and many of them giving as good entertainment as they are getting, the actor is a most sensitive auditor and spectator and many is the time that the elusive spirit of comedy finding its habitat beyond the proscenium unendurable slips over the footlights and nestles where only the actors can see it. Then we have the true silent drama with perfect, because effective, lighting; the perfect, because natural, acting and the perfect, because appreciative, audience—the actors.

Photos White

(From left to right)

Marjorie Hollis, Daisy Vivian, Emily Stevens, Jean Newcombe, Adolph Link, Oswald Yorke, Hubert Wilke

Sophie, opera singer at the Court of Louis XIV, engages in all kinds of schemes to rid herself of her aged admirer, the Austrian Ambassador

SCENE FROM ACT II OF PHILIP MOELLER'S "SOPHIE" AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE

Beatrice Reinhardt as Martha Washington, Walter Hampden as George Washington

SCENE IN PERCY MacKAYE'S HISTORICAL PLAY, "GEORGE WASHINGTON," RECENTLY AT THE LYRIC

COSTUME PLAYS ADD PICTURESQUE TOUCH

THE VIRTUES OF THE MODERN THEATRE

An open reply to the Rev. John Roach Straton, D.D.

By PHILIP WOOD

My dear Dr. Straton:

IN the February issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE you have expressed a splendid denunciation of a certain element which threatens the theatre of America. Claiming for yourself the feeling of nothing short of friendship toward this walk of life and toward all that is best in the drama of today, you proceed to quite thoroughly decry the existence of those elements which are deterrent to that drama's progress. You arraign, with the understanding of one whose interest is for the escape of the theatre from its inner enemies, the influence of salacious sex motives and disgusting display of decadent morals, quoting, in your text, the opinions of such able authorities as the respected Mr. George Jean Nathan, the eminent Dr. Stephen S. Wise, and the late William Winter. You condemn, with fine justice, all that is degrading and all which in any way tends to disrupt the stage from its true course of educational uplift.

But, sir, is your justice complete? There are, it is true, many wrongs current in the present life of the theatre, even as there are wrongs current in every other issue of modern life. Should this be a conclusion to forego the condemnation of the entire scope of dramatic endeavor? In New York alone the percentage of plays produced for even less than so little as a commercial advantage—that of a pandering to the vicious— is abhorrent; but is this necessarily a thing for which the whole of the world of the theatre should receive unmitigated criticism? Is it not quite possible that, imbued with a heartfelt desire to assist the stage to its rightful place, the commentator may be too willing to rest with a criticism of the ills, neglectful of an accounting for the virtues?

TO the younger worker of the theatre, the aspirant who is ambitious to be of service to that art in which he pins his faith, there is nothing more regrettable than the existence of certain elements at present a part of the repertoire. But at what end would he arrive if he were willing to consider these aspects alone? It then becomes his duty to look for the best, not exactly with a spirit of condoning or forgiving the other, but with an optimism that is eager to realize the future, and which feels the promise of those times when the system will change. Likewise, it should be the duty of the audience to take into account that which is best; it should be the auditor's responsibility to support that which is inspiring and lifting, for only in this way can the calling of the stage inherit its proper relation with the people.

The critic is the audience speaking. His province, whether casual or professional, should be to commend the good as well as to condemn the bad; it is from such a preface as the one he expresses that the average audience obtains its cue to attend the play. But only where it becomes his duty to be constructive does it evolve upon the other auditors as their duty to be responsive; otherwise there is no point: there is no reason for such a thing as criticism.

It must be remembered that the theatre does not reach its people in the same sort of a way as does the lyceum or the pulpit. Nor does it employ the same equipment. Where the one stands alone for education, and the other alone for inspiration, the theatre proclaims a means of providing both, including entertainment. If this last element is the reason for the theatre having attained the eminence of the most potent of the arts, it is not necessarily in itself a reason for the criticism which condemns it as being any the less sincere. Where there is evidence at the present time that the main function of the theatre seems to be that of entertainment, it should not therefore become incumbent upon the critics to decry that this is the fault of the theatre itself. The audience is surely the criterion of the theatre's offering. The people should be held quite as responsible as the managers for its shortcomings.

I DO not speak for a general satisfying of the audience's demands, but I do assert that it is that demand which is responsible for fully three-fourths, if not all, of the present day productions. "What the people want"—a slogan in some cases, sadly interpretable, is nevertheless in many instances discovered to be one which suggests with eloquence a tribute to the tastes of the American theatre-going public.

I refer, in particular, to such high-minded work as that for which "Abraham Lincoln" stands symbol. I refer to such productions as "The Jest," "Declassée," "Beyond the Horizon." I am thinking of such accomplishments as "Light of the World," "The Tragedy of Nan" and "Night Lodging." Such offerings as these, built of high merit, fine acting and an admirable loyalty to the theatre do not deserve to be embraced under the humiliation of a general diatribe, but they seem to have been forgotten, sir, in your dissertation.

Such acting as that of Miss Jane Cowl, smilin' through the inferior influences which you decry, or that of Miss Laurette Taylor, lifting, with strong faith, the frailty of the play, or that of Miss Rachel Crothers, conquering, with splendid courage, the path from the sphere of limited dramatic writing to the one of infinite projection seem to have suffered their places of praise to be usurped by the lesser ones' places of criticism. Your deploring of the existent conditions seems to have been too willing to select the inferiors.

BUT it occurs to me that there are many departments of the theatre which are more worthy of praise than are those worthy of criticism. Would it not be well to consider some of these more thoroughly? Justice itself must be just!

What, for instance, of the Theatre Guild? Here is an aggregation of young people in which is embodied all that is highest in the theatre. Possessed of the noble desire to elevate their art, these actors and artists, producers and scenic designers have striven successfully toward the realization of an inspiring ideal. They have given us such things as "John Ferguson," "The Faithful," "Jane Clegg," etc. Are these offerings to be ignored?

As well, there are such managers as Arthur Hopkins, George Tyler, William Harris, George Broadhurst, men who confine their interests to dramatic enterprises; surely these men should be given some credit for their adherence to those ideals which underlie the play. But they have been dismissed without a word; there has not even been the recognition of their presence. Why is this the case? In an article entitled "The Trouble With the Theatre" you have dealt with only a part of the theatre, accrediting the trouble to all; in a letter to the entire public you have arraigned only a fraction of the theatre public, declaiming it as though it were the whole.

You have deplored the presence of the vicious, but have you taken into account the inestimable presence of the virtuous? You have been content to expose the existence of what was damaging; why have you not been willing to bring out that which is elevating? A doctor, in surveying his case, will not stop with pointing out the trouble; he will endeavor to extoll the merits of his patient before suggesting the means to a remedy. But you, sir, who are a doctor indeed, have attacked a disease without giving any credit to those influences which in themselves will prove to be its cure.

YOU have arraigned the stage for what is fundamentally the fault of the audience. Overlooking all that is good, and therefore the most important factor to the inevitable progress of the theatre, you have chosen to see only that which is degrading; under such a tribunal how far would any department of modern society get? Blaming the theatre for the Sunday schools' loss in attendance, you have not included the fact that the church itself, with its moving pictures, has attempted to hold those children by means of the same more interesting factor which drew them away. Is it fair to hold the theatre responsible for the lack in attendance of an institution mainly operative at ten o'clock on Sunday mornings? You have scored the theatre for immoralities which concern the individual as well as for those that are a part of conditions which are deplorable, but you have not seen fit to mention the real reason, the personal choice, which is the foundation of all personal things. Is it then fair to blame the stage for the existence of all these things? Forgetting the duty of seeing the best, you have judged the theatre itself as an iniquity.

If you had, on the other hand, taken such a high interest as the introduction of your article would promise, you would have discovered many things you have been unable to bring out. You

(*Continued on page* 305)

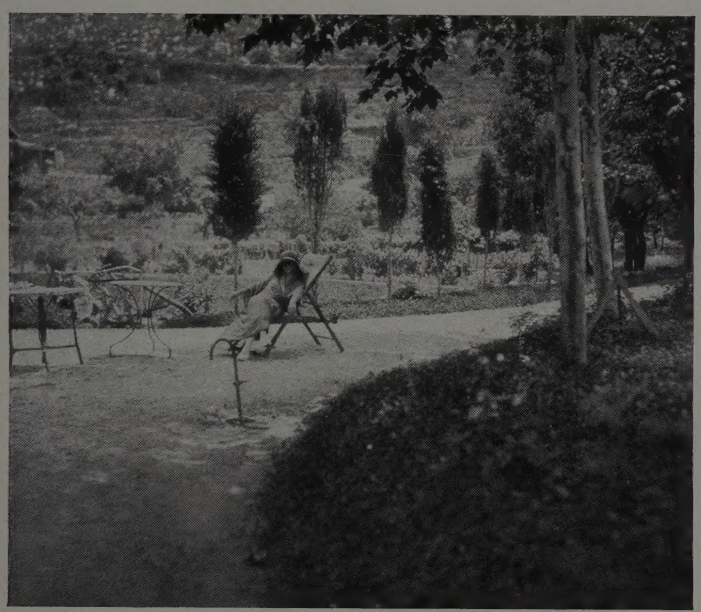
Ira L. Hill

Maurice Maeterlinck and his charming young wife are now in California. The poet likes the West better than New York. He finds the people more civilized and the towns less noisy

IDEAL STAGE SETTING FOR MAETERLINCK'S MUSE

"La Scoperta," the beautiful home of Henry Russell, at La Turbie, near Monte Carlo, on the Riviera, where the Belgian poet does most of his writing

One of the many beautiful walks in La Scoperta's extensive grounds



Mme. Maeterlinck enjoying a sun-bath among the fragrant flower-beds

The house at La Scoperta where Maurice Maeterlinck writes his poems and philosophical works

THEIR GREAT LOVE MATCH

By ADA PATTERSON

Author of "By the Stage Door," etc.

HAROLD, let me present my discovery. Miss Groton is willing to fill in at the preliminary tour until Miss Wells' recovery.

Harold Stanley bowed to his leading woman *pro tem.* She smiled from behind the screening mesh of her veil. The dimness of the unlighted stage and his own nearsighted eyes revealed to him a well-rounded figure of middle height, and a flash of naturally red-gold hair. Her trim, black tailored suit and close-fitting little velvet turban combined with the veil and the dusk of the stage to give the impression of a well-groomed, conventional woman. No more. No less.

"What do you think of her?" whispered Louis Fulman, in a short pause during the reading of the play. Because he was as a kindly father to all of his companies, every member of them addressed him affectionately as Governor, but never failed to allude to him as "M. A." The initials stood for Master of Affability.

"All right, I suppose," his chief star answered, absently, his thoughts upon the big scene in the new play. "She looks like any other woman."

"Believe me, she isn't." M. A.'s response was made with a fleeting smile. "You've seen her only in the mould of the average well-bred woman out for a morning walk. Watch her at rehearsals. She is as vivid as a southern poppy. She is a one hundred and one per cent. woman. Sex leaps out of her at you."

I hope she will serve for the three weeks, or is it four, of the preliminary tour? I'm still inclined to think we should cut my opening speech. It is too long by three lines. We can delete the description of his uncle's estate and family complications."

Out of the back stage dusk Susanne Groton looked through the mesh of her veil at the star. He was not of imposing presence, she concluded, though his achievements were. He was one of the aristocrats of the stage. Heredity had doled him generous gifts. When he walked upon the stage, confidence walked with him. For in bred in him was the dramatic sense that had never permitted him even in his beginning days to go far wrong in scene or speech or "business." Some ghostly mime or group of mimes within him whispered "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not" at each step of his carefully planned career. Each step had been upward.

He was personable enough, she supposed. But in the small southern city whence she came she had never seen him act. And during the two years that she had been at the Dramatic School, he had been on a cross-continent tour and in England. The summer she had spent with a stock company at Peak's Island and the long season with a repertoire company she had been far from the royal route of the dramatic conqueror. He was little like his photographs she decided. He looked rather small, somewhat undersized, huddled into the depths of his overcoat with its upturned collar. She was glad it was not a fur lined overcoat, but something of long napped wool in a rich soft gray. The fur lined overcoat, she concluded, was a possession of the merely aspiring actor. This one had reached the sunny heights.

"Miss Groton, are you ready for your tumble? In mercy to your costume I had the stairs covered with muslin."

"Thank you, Mr. Fulman. I am quite ready. I am wearing my rainy suit."

"Good! Now the group on the right. Start chattering. Watch Miss Groton as she appears on the upper step. When she takes the first step stop talking. As she falls seem to hold your breath in suspense. When she reaches the last step rush forward and gather about her. I will show you. Jim, when I clap my hands, throw a pillow down the stairs. I am for the moment, Mr. Stanley. The pillow is Miss Groton. I rush forward and catch the pillow. So."

With comic seriousness, M. A. lifted the pillow in his arms. Four pairs of dinner guests gathered about him and bent looks of admiration and apprehension upon his feather-stuffed burden. Standing at the rear of the group, Harold Stanley lifted his eyes to the figure at the head of the stairs.

"I hope she has had experience in stage falls," he said to the benign looking gentleman who was presently to prosecute him as the conscienceless lawyer in the comedy drama. "That's a bad tumble for the best tumbler in the business."

He heard his cue, spoken this time in a feminine voice, for it was Fulman's habit to play every part in the piece, at rehearsals, although he had never acted.

"My dear Lady Doolittle, you can't mean it," piped M. A.

The dark, turbanned, veiled figure moved forward to the edge of the stairs. Stanley noticed that she balanced delicately as a bird for an instant tries its wings, then strongly as a swimmer when his palms meet for a high dive. The next instant he had caught her in his arms.

"Magnificent!" he said.

She released herself, straightened her turban and drew her disarranged veil over her rounded pink chin. She inclined her head at his compliment, drew her "part" from the pocket of her jacket and read her opening speech:

"My God! You! How came I here and what would you with me?"

"Dear Madame, if you are sure no bones are whole it is I who should ask the question. How came you here?"

The duel of wits between the bachelor and the midnight invader of his hunting lodge continued. Each seemed intent upon the part. Each was on mental toes. Each desired to extract from the character every bit of muscle and red blood and palpitant pulse that was in it.

Yet when Susanne reached her apartment in the hotel and her sister let down her heavy hair and thrust her pink feet into tepid water she said, "Yes, it's a good part. I think I managed it well enough for a first rehearsal. But I feel odd about it."

"You're not afraid of the part, dear? With your youth and beauty and talent!

Susanne stretched her graceful arm back and patted her plain, devoted sister's hand.

NO. It isn't that. I'm determined and I'm ambitious. The world gives way to the determined and ambitious person. I feel as though I am standing at the threshold of the biggest thing in my life. Mary, did you ever stand at the door of a room afraid to go in? That's the way I feel. It is as though I stood at the threshold of the biggest thing in my life and—I'm afraid."

"I don't understand you, dear."

"Don't try, Mary dear. I don't believe I understand myself."

"Lie down dear. You see I've turned down the covers and darkened the room."

Susanne Groton slipped out of her kimono and stretched her limbs in the grateful coolness of the bed. Quickly she sank fathoms deep into the abyss of sleep that awaits the healthily tired. Mary, plain of face and loyal of heart, sat beside the window, peeping between the blind and the window, at hurrying Broadway. That street of ten thousand desires should be a highway of her lovely sister's triumphal progress. Susanne, lying there inert and breathing regularly, softly as a sleeping child, should some night be a new idol of the Rialto. Susanne Groton's name should be painted in letters of flame against the night.

"Sh!" Mary tiptoed to the door, softly opened it and scowled at the messenger boy. But the messenger boy knew his Broadway well. He had been a super because of his reverberating voice. He bellowed:

"Mr. Harold Stanley brought these to the office hisself. He made me promise that I'd git them to her herself." His eyes surveyed the room, rested upon the soft, pink profile, the golden braids on the pillow.

"My sister's asleep. I'll give them to her."

"But Mr. Stanley he said I was to come back and tell him that she got 'em and how she took 'em."

Susanne's blue veined lids lifted. Her blue gaze wandered from her sister to the uniformed boy, to the flowers. She held forth her arms for them. The messenger boy hurried back to Harold Stanley's bachelor apartment.

"I seen her take 'em. She was laying down and she reached out her arms for 'em for all the world as if they wuz a baby."

"Very good. That will do."

The messenger boy grinned his delight at the banknote.

SUZANNE sat looking at the roses scattered about her counterpane and the small bottle revealed by the parting of their stems, and by the two lines scrawled upon the card: "This lotion will be good for the bruises if you have any after that splendid fall."

"So that is it," she said.

"What do you mean, dear?" Her sister stared at her. "I'm sure it was very kind of Mr. Stanley. It's quite—"

"Yes, I know. Only—

"Only while I slept I dreamed about standing before the door and being afraid to enter a room."

"Nonsense."

"I hope that's all. At all events I have to fall down those twelve stairs again to-morrow and I must rest."

The next morning when he arrived at the theatre he went straight to her: "I do hope you suffered no injury from the fall." Her heart leapt. The words were commonplace. But his tone, his look, the manner in which he bent his head before her were personal.

His eyes addressed words to her which were for her alone. They conveyed a world old, world long intimacy. She understood why critics called him the greatest of stage lovers.

"None, thank you. You were most kind to send the remedy and the flowers."

"I have had some hard tumbles myself." His eyes still searched hers with their personal challenge. "I should like to spare you." He walked away to confer with M. A. The rehearsals began. Suzanne took her stand on the high extempore flight of stairs. Again she balanced in bird-like lightness on the edge of the step, then flung herself downward. Harold Stanley stood with arms extended at the foot of the stairs.. After an instant's pause he released her, saying in a low tone: "I am so glad you are not hurt. Do be careful."

THE old woman of the company went with her to the tea room around the corner for luncheon. "You did that fall superbly, my dear," she said, breaking a muffin. "And Mr. Stanley caught you in the most realistic way. You've no idea how well it goes. What a pity we can't see ourselves act! David Warfield says, 'You know,' to the interviewers who ask him how he makes people cry, 'I don't know. I've never seen myself act.' Realism! That's what his saving you is."

A pink flood swept Suzanne's cheeks, her neck, her bosom, as she remembered the impact and the low-toned speech that followed.

"I must try to think that it is his way with everyone." She seemed to be addressing the spoonful of yellow beverage she had lifted from her teacup so long did she look through it.

She watched him closely at rehearsals. Her eagerness to learn the best stagecraft prompted this. But latterly she had a burning desire to know whether the same personal note appeared in his scenes with others as with her. Minute, exact as the operation of a reliable watch, he was at rehearsals. A table must be placed three inches to the side of the centre. Not one inch, nor two, nor two and a quarter, but three if the business of the scene called for three. His artistry was permeated by a mathematical nicety of calculation. He was master of his craft. He left nothing to accident. Every animate or inanimate aid must work together in a perfect whole. That was his conception of the highest art. He might have been a triumph of mechanics, a specimen of perfect automatonism. Yet, when his arms received her in the stair scene he held her close. The rapid beating of his heart was audible to her. Always he said something not in the script, something that was not even for M. A.'s ears. Today it had been "Thank God, you are safe. This fall of yours is adding ten years to my age."

The day before they opened in Hartwood, M. A. hurried back stage from the office. He forgot to make his usual sweeping obeisance to the women of the company. He thrust a night letter into Stanley's hand. The star's face was impassive as he returned it.

"Well?" he asked.

"You say, 'Well?' I should say decidedly 'Ill.' Blanche Wells must decline this offer of a world tour, of course. There's plenty of time for her to go globe girdling. And there isn't time to get anyone of her reputation up in the part. I'll wire her that I shall be compelled to get out an injunction."

"I wouldn't."

I THOUGHT you considered her the best leading woman in America."

"I do. But I wouldn't urge her. Wells is a sulky brute. If we thwart her wanderlust she may be half-hearted in her work. I have always believed that she ruined 'The Balance of Love' by walking through the part because Grimes made her open in Boston."

"She is hardheaded," granted M. A. The double furrow between his eyes deepened. But she has the reputation. The public has formed the habit of going to see her. If that were not true where would you get a woman to play the part? This is September. Every desirable woman is signed for the season.

"You needn't look any farther than this stage."

M. A.'s anxious eyes surveyed the small stage, sought its corners, peered into the corridors leading to the dressing rooms. Suzanne, in a blue, one piece frock, a wide brimmed velvet sailor topping her touselled, red-gold hair, was showing the ingenue, Miss Billings, a dance of the docks at Norfolk. The men smiled at the transformation of the exquisite pink and white woman into a long shore "buck."

"She is clever." Harold Stanley spoke quietly, "and has enormous personality. Everyone must begin. Give her a chance. I'll take the responsibility. If you can prove to me at the end of the season that we have lost anything through releasing Wells, I'll make it good. Let me remind you that the leading woman's part is not large. This is a man's play."

M. A. turned his shrewd, kindly gaze upon his star.

"My boy," he began, "I feel that because of our long and close association—"

"Cut it, governor. I never spoke a word of love to this girl."

But the next night, after the play, he did. He dressed hastily and went to her dressing room. His authoritative rap brought her to the door. Her rose crepe dressing gown fell away from her shoulders and disclosed the white sweep of arms as those of the Venus de Milo recovered after centuries. She frowned a bit in perplexity and embarrassment at sight of him.

"An hour, if need be," he returned with gay gallantry. "I came to beg your ladyship's company with me at supper. There are matters of grave import to discuss—matters of business."

The alluring contour of her face lengthened. Beneath the make-up Stanley knew that her face had grown pale.

"I hope there was nothing wrong with my performance," she faltered.

"On the contrary, it was delightful. Didn't the audience show its appreciation?"

"But you dragged me out to take the last curtain call with you. That was kind of you, Mr. Stanley, but you shouldn't have done it."

"No?"

"No."

Her slim white hand—a patrician hand with the finesse of a lily—drew the folds of her crepe negligée about her neck. She shivered with nervousness.

"My dear child," the compelling personal note was in his eyes, his voice, his head bent so near to hers. "You are exhausted. You will feel better after some air and supper. Your performance was so good that I've a contract for you in my pocket." He turned back his light topcoat. A long flat document protruded from the inside pocket.

THANK you." Her voice forced itself between nervously locked teeth. "I will make haste to dress." The door closed gently between them.

He dashed down the corridor, flung open the stage door, and walked down the narrow high walled alley to the street. He whistled as he walked, a popular love song.

"Taxi, sir?"

"Yes. In a few minutes I shall want you to drive me to the Old Tree Inn and bring me back. Wait for me there."

Stanley went back and waited outside the door, as patiently as any sophomore for his divinity of the chorus. The old woman of the company came out.

"Good beginning, wasn't it, Mr. Stanley?" She did not stop to chat.

The ingenue came out with her mother. The juvenile opened the door for the old man of the company and followed him. Both lifted their hats to the star. The "heavy" who in private life was a rather ponderous individual who lived soberly and decorously with his large and ever growing family, strode out and past with "Goodnight, sir." None stopped for chat nor question. Humans have learned to efface themselves before crises, especially love crises, of their kind.

Suzanne came forth. Her uncertain, fluttering gait recalled a bird he had wounded last summer and that had fluttered away into the copse to die. He banished the thought but not the wave of tenderness it induced in him.

"The air is crisp." He suited his words to the action of drawing her long silk cloak more closely about her.

He drew the long velvet ribbons together with determination albeit with awkwardness. She laughed as she settled into the cab beside him and adjusted the big roughly made bow.

He told her on their brief drive that Miss Wells, by her own request, had been released from her contract and that the next day M. A. would ask her to sign the contract to which he had already attached his own signature and which he read to her by the fitful light of a procession of dancing lampposts and of racing automobiles. She had answered as distinctly as one may with a lump crowding one's throat: "Thank you. Thank you. I owe this to you."

He led her to a seat beside the huge tree trunk that was the main pillar of the quaint inn. He waited until the steaming soup, the well-browned bird, the salad and the fragrant, oily coffee that is the one beneficence we have derived from the vanishing Turk, had brought back the pink glow to her cheeks, the blue flames into her eyes.

THEN with the huge trunk of the ancient tree screening them from one side and a blue screen with yellow butterflies fluttering across it on the other, he leaned across the table and took both her hands gently in his.

"Sweetheart!" he said. "There is no need of words between us. You too have seen the happy handwriting on the wall. You have read the cosmic message that has come to us."

She lifted her blue gaze to his grey one. In that long look the will of the man and woman were fused. He knew her answer by the quiver of her lips, by the wing-like flutter of her hands. He bent his face upon the hands. Hungrily, he kissed them.

The next morning, M. A. helped Suzanne out of her cab at the station and assisted her into the observation car. "There's a desk on this car. I will take you to it at once so that we may secure your coveted signature to a mysterious document," he said.

She smiled as she affixed her signature to a contract to act as leading woman for Harold Stanley for the term of one year with an option of two more. While M. A. was applying the blotter to her name Harold Stanley came into the car. He offered his right hand to Suzanne, his left to the "governor." The passengers in the car left off reading their newspapers. To those on the platform the scenery suddenly lost its interest.

For here was a man whose voice, face and figure some knew through the theatres, others through the prints. It was their privilege to see a celebrity playing a star part in some drama of his own.

WHO is the pretty woman with Harold Stanley?" The woman who asked the question was slightly deaf. Her voice filled the farthest corner of the car. "Is it his wife, do you suppose?" Her husband shifted about in his chair. "I don't know," he answered. "What did you say?" "I don't know. Perhaps, but it looks more as though she might be going to be."

Suzanne blushed. Stanley smiled. M. A.'s benevolent visage was disturbed by an anxious frown.

The road, that dim and democratic land, took Suzanne to its bosom. It relished her fresh, white and gold and pink beauty; her spontaneous, untrammeled performances; her courage evinced in the headlong tumble down the flight of stairs, her instant vivacious recovery from the fall. Manhattan was merely polite. Scarcely that. It missed its favorite, Blanche Wells. It was not in a mood for a new favorite though the fair Southerner with the soft elisions of speech was an attractive gentlewoman and so deserving welcome. But it didn't care greatly for the play. After six weeks, therefore, it resumed its travels.

In a late, sultry day in June, M. A. looked up from his desk and faced Harold Stanley. He rose and clasped both his hands.

"My dear boy, you must have come straight from the train."

"I did."

"I wanted to meet you but I'm waiting for a call from Gibson for an appointment about next season's bookings."

"All right, governor. Glad to see you anywhere, and anytime. Besides, I wanted to talk with you alone."

"Nothing wrong, I hope."

"On the contrary, I regard everything as eminently all right. But it's up to you as to your personal opinion."

"What do you mean, Hal?"

"Governor, I intend to marry Suzanne Groton."

"But, lad, think of your career."

"I have thought of it. I know it's rather better for the dollars that romantic lassies spend at the box office that I should remain a bachelor. But I want her more than I do the dollars or the mystery that hangs about the unmarried man. It's settled. I'm going to marry her. I've only come to you because of our long friendship to give you a chance to cancel our contract if you wish. I would rather begin all over again with her than go on without her."

BUT you need not go on without her. I have no objection to retaining her as your leading woman. But I insist that it is bad business for you to marry anyone at present."

"It wouldn't be fair to her, governor. She would be willing to make any sacrifice for me. It's because I insisted that I am here to talk with you. I was for driving straight to the license bureau from the train. But when a man loves a woman and is free he wants to give her his name. Besides, it safeguards his interest in her. How do I know she wouldn't tire of an egotistic fool who wouldn't marry her and walk off with some man who is less stuck on himself and would?

"We've made a collection of such specimens all along the route. There's a banker in St. Louis, a mine owner in Denver and a shipping magnate in Portland. They've al begged her to 'Say when.' I'm in an anomalous position. I can't stand it and I don't intend to try. She shall find that she loves a man not a puppet masquerading as one."

The next day they were married in the Little Church Around the Corner. M. A. and Suzanne's sister Mary sat side by side in the front pew of the low, brown church set in a bower of evergreen trees. The light streamed through the stained-glass window which the Players had given to the church in memory of Edwin Booth. The sunshine fell upon Suzanne's fair hair, upon her rounded profile, upon the curved whiteness of her neck and the round symmetry of her waist.

"It was as though you had Booth's blessing, my beloved." Harold Stanley smiled down upon his bride as they walked along the narrow stone path to the gate.

"He was a melancholy spirit." The dimples deepened in Suzanne's chin and cheeks.

(*Continued on page* 322)

From a photograph by White

LIONEL BARRYMORE

This splendid actor has added another triumph to his long list of successes by his portrayal of Mouzon, the judge, in Brieux's drama, "The Letter of the Law"

Abbe

HELEN SHIPMAN

Who sings "The Good Fairy," looks it, and actually is it to the audiences at the Century Grove

Johnston

RENE DETLING

Prominent in the cast of "The Magic Melody," is this attractive young player who, with Charles Purcell, sings the song that gives the piece its name

Johnston

KATHLENE MARTYN

With the reputation of being the best-looking English girl on the American stage, this youthful beauty appears in the new Ziegfeld 9 O'Clock Revue

hc

HELEN MacKELLAR

Not content with being the featured member of "The Storm," Miss MacKellar has added greatly to her laurels by her splendid characterization of the wife in "Beyond the Horizon"

Johnston

DORIS KENYON

A movie favorite whose work in "The Girl in the Limousine" has endeared her to theatregoers, too

Johnston

MARY NEWCOMB

Who is playing the leading feminine rôle in one of the funniest farce comedies of the season, "My Lady Friends," at the Comedy

PROMISING CANDIDATES FOR STARDOM

FIRST AID TO FIRST NIGHTERS

When every night finds a new satellite in the firmament of stars, how are we going to keep track of them?

By ESTELLE HAMBURGER

WANTED: A memory course that will enable overtaxed theatre-goers, concert fiends, movie fans, opera devotees, and other aspiring souls in quest of entertainment to remember the names of the ever-growing army of entertainers! Something must be done. There are always more of us to be entertained. There are always some of us who want more entertainment. There are always more entertainers to entertain all the people who want entertainment. That means more names to remember. How are we going to keep track of them all?

How are we going to remember that Bodanzky is lord of the baton and not a Greenwich Village pamphleteer? How shall we keep in mind that Bee Palmer is queen of the undulating shoulder and not a buzzer in a Patch Quilt Hive? And when it comes to names like Diaghileff, Napierkowska, Swirskaya and Lubowska, how shall we guess that they are exponents of the dance and not the passenger list of the East-bound Ark?

With the price of orchestra seats rising and war taxes proportionately on the up-grade, we can't afford to rely on our memories any more. Just imagine—we may expect to listen to a new Russian violinist and find the curtain rise on a spiritualist seance! Yet, if we try to memorize the who's who and what's what and why among entertainers, we might just as well apply for a padded cell beforehand as be led to one later.

FIRST there's the long and ever growing longer list of players on the "legit." Now that we have begun to import stars from England, Spain, France, Italy and Palestine to shine in our dramatic firmament, we would have to expand our brains as we enlarge our billboards and electric signs to hold all the letters of their names, were we to attempt to memorize them.

Then there is the opera. It requires more than a correspondence course in Italian phonetics to read an opera program. To remember the names of the newer lights requires more than a steady diet of spaghetti.

Next comes the concert stage with its family of Russian tongue twisters and Polish mouth stretchers. To memorize their names would take a mind trained in impressionistic free verse or map making on the Galician frontier. A business man could as easily memorize a day's figures on the ticker tape.

Forget not the flippant appelations of the dollies in the follies, and the dainty maids who twirl between tables long after Uncle Hiram and Aunt Miranda have had their beauty sleep, the variety "artists" of the vo-de-vil, the aspirants in amateur theatricals. Scorn not the stupendous directory of sob sisters, dimpled darlings and goo-goo vamps of the silent screen. Lovely—Love—Darling—Pretty—these are some of their names, not quotations from the "What to Call Her" chapter in a book on advice to the lovelorn.

But how are we going to remember them?

There is a way. Let us add an amendment to the Entertainers' Etiquette to characterize every actor, musician, dancer, movie queen, etc., with an Enlightening Epithet!

The Greeks get the credit for the idea. They used it successfully over two thousand years ago. When the Greek preachers wanted the Greeks to remember the names of the actors in the little comedy up on Mount Olympus, they added epithets to their names and the Greeks remembered them. We remember them yet. Homer called Zeus "the cloud gatherer," and after that no Greek ever had any doubts as to who hurled the thunderbolts. He styled Hera "the white armed goddess," and the Greeks labored under no delusions that the queen of heaven was an Ethiop.

IF you read on an Olympian program, "Apollo, lord of the silver bow," you would expect to see a young Paul Swan do a William Tell archery act, and you would see it. If the Olympian *Daily Bulletin* announced, "Hector of the glancing helm," you would be on the lookout for a wrestling Zbyzsko with classic style, and you would get it. You could buy your tickets with perfect assurance. It was all so simple.

So let us drop the last names of our entertainers into the rubbish heap of the obsolete, names that demand gymnastics of articulation, names that present no mental picture, and add, instead, a few perfectly good English words that say something, and we'll have it!

For instance—"Fay, the Chinese coo-lie." There in a couple of words we have the Oriental atmosphere, cute little pajama costumes, prattling Chinese *patois* with "l's" for "r's," and seasoning of naive swear words. Is "Bainter" a match for it? Consider "Leo, the heart failure." Can't you see hordes of women melting at his amorous glance? Can't you see them lined up in the waiting room at their family physician's office, seeking balm for their vital organs? That is just what you are supposed to see, and when the curtain rises, you see it. Do you get the effect from "Ditrichstein?" Certainly not.

"Jane, the weeper." What does it suggest? Oceans of shining, glistening tears, broken hearts, distracting sobs, dewy eyes, deep emotions. Does "Cowl" hold a candle to it?

THE idea grows on you. After a while it becomes as easy as saying "Bridget the cook," or "Bertha the sewing machine girl." "Michio Itow" might mean a new soft drink, a new germ, a Japanese consul or a password for an Oriental society. But "Michio, manbird of Nippon," means unmistakably the masculine Terpsichore of the Flowery Kingdom. You picture him flittering from toe to toe. Then you buy your ticket and go to see him flit. You can't be disappointed.

Read over a few of these and see if you can choose your favorite for to-night's performance:

Julia, soul of Shakespeare; Laurette, queen of accents; Billie, fountain of youth; Mary, of the golden curls; Marilynn, the graceful elf; Mabel, the tomboy girl; Lillian, the wistful whimsy. Do Marlowe, Taylor, Burke, Pickford, Miller, Normand or Gish mean anything in comparison?

As for the men: Suppose we think of them as Sergei, monarch of the ivories; Douglas, the smiling acrobat; Enrico, of the golden throat; Mischa, of the slender bow; Ernest, the bedroom dandy; Ted, knight of the jazz; Al, of the broad-white grin. Oh, how meaningless are Rachmaninoff, Fairbanks, Caruso, Elman, Truex, Lewis, Jolson, next to these!

Whenever we want to learn something new about the age in which we live, it is usually a good idea to go back and ask the Greeks. Their ingenuity did not stop with epithets. We theatre-goers have another problem on our hands. It was solved two thousand years ago, but being kept so busy nowadays deciding which little first-nighter we shall see to-night, we haven't time to dig for the answer. And so we go floundering around and making mistakes and getting into hot water and everything.

We can't tell a play by its name!

Just suppose for a moment that all the theatrical critics were on strike (ye gods, banish the thought!) But just suppose that the black and white splash in the columns of the evening papers was all we had to guide us in picking a play. And since we've started supposing, let's suppose besides that wifey's Aunt Abigail from Boston had arrived in town and wifey called us on the phone to "choose a nice play, dear, and we'll take Aunt Abby to the theatre."

WELL, we tackle the ads. Streaks of lightning, exclamation points, poke bonnet females and heavy black rules tell us little, the names of the theatres tell us a little less, the names of the play—well—

We look down one column and scratch our head, we look down another and adjust a cravat, we look down a third and light a cigarette. The strain is beginning to tell. Suddenly our eye falls on the salvation word—"Scandal."

"That's it!" we say, slapping our hand on our knee, and substituting a smile for a frown.

"She'll like that. I guess Aunt Abby's good at that sort of thing herself. Guess this is one of those country gossip plays or something," we guess.

We pat ourselves on the back, send the office boy up for tickets, go home with a whistle on our lips in light heartedness over our cleverness, and then—

In the middle of the second act, Aunt Abby with loud protestation, dons her hat and coat, disturbs thirteen people in the same row and fifty-eight behind, and sails majestically out of the theatre into the pure night, carrying our share in her last will and testament with her.

Now, when Euripides wrote a rip-roaring comedy (sorry if you can't see the humor), he gave it a rip-roaring name like "Iphigenia in the Land of the Taurians." There are no odds to a thing like that. You go to the show, see Iphi herself, the Taurians, and Iphi in their home town. It's an absolutely safe bet. Menander, an Egyptian scribbler of note, took a double barrel hit for the title of a (*Continued on page* 302)

Photocraft

EDWARD ARNOLD

A virile actor who brings the spirit of the great outdoors to the part of Burr Winton in "The Storm"

Goldberg

OTIS SKINNER

Who lends his customary dignity to the rôle of the Italian in "Pietro," his recent starring vehicle

Abbe

CYRIL KEIGHTLEY

As the artist-husband in Rachel Crothers' play, "He and She," in which the playwright herself acts opposite him

Nicholson

BOOTH TARKINGTON

The famous novelist who proves in "Clarence," his latest comedy, that his characters are as delightful on the stage as they are in his books

LEE SIMONSON

Whose work with the Theatre Guild has stamped him as a scenic artist of originality and brilliant promise

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ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

The author of "Jane Clegg" and "John Ferguson"—an Englishman who showed in the World War that he was a brave soldier as well as an able playwright

MEN WHO STAND FOR THE BEST IN THE THEATRE

Jose Ruben and Elsie Ferguson—Diaz, once a famous pianist, and now a victim of morphine, is discovered living in poverty by Carlotta. She reforms him, he becomes the idol of the public again, and they marry.—Arnold Bennett's play, "Sacred and Profane Love"

Apeda

White

WILLIAM COLLIER

As Harrington, who hates horses, and whose favorite colors when in the saddle are "black and blue"—in "The Hottentot"

White

JEANNE EAGLES

As the French girl with the charming accent, Miss Eagles is "The Wonderful Thing" in the play of that name at the Playhouse

POPULAR STARS IN PLAYS OF THE MOMENT

From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

NANCE O'NEIL

In "The Passion Flower," the Spanish play, in which she stars and which she herself presented, this fine actress runs the emotional gamut and rises to magnificent dramatic heights

THE JEWISH ART THEATRE

Ben Ami's successful production of "The Idle Inn" gives distinction to the present season

By WALTER A. LOWENBERG

A TRIUMPHANT attempt to lift the Jewish Stage in this country to the level of a fine art was inaugurated early in the season at the Garden Theatre under the able direction of Emanuel Reicher, a director long identified with the best in contemporary drama. In his initial production of Peretz Hirshbein's "Die Puste Kretchme" or "The Idle Inn," an artistic and commercial success was achieved which is rare in the annals of the American Theatre.

The Jewish Art Theatre won for itself at once a pre-eminent position not only among the Jewish population of New York but also among those theatre-goers who professedly care for the theatre as a collaboration of all the fine arts, a number which has been rapidly increasing during the past decade. To those familiar with the history of the Jewish stage in America, the Jewish Art Theatre is the finest flower that has yet sprung from the seeds which were sown during the heavy Jewish immigration at the beginning of the '80s, an immigration which has made New York the center of Yiddish culture and at the same time the largest center of Jewish population since the height of Jerusalem's glory.

IT is interesting to trace the history of the Jewish stage in America. The Jews have always been known as a people inordinately fond of the dramatic art, so it was but natural that Jewish theatres should be founded soon after the Jewish population of New York became large enough to support them.

Among the first men to establish theatrical organizations in New York were Boris Thomashefsky and Jacob P. Adler, who are still entertaining the public of the East side. They first employed as material the popular Operettas of Abraham Goldfaden, who is often called the Father of the Jewish stage and who founded the first Yiddish theatre in Russia.

The first Yiddish theatre to open in New York was Pool's Theatre on Eighth Street, near Lafayette, a site now occupied by Wanamaker's. The theatre prospered immediately, but reached its greatest popularity through the strong dramatic offerings of the playwright, Jacob Gordin. Gordin was born in Russia and came to this country totally ignorant of Yiddish, a tongue he was compelled to master in order to make himself intelligible to the great majority of American Jews.

It should be clearly understood that Yiddish bears but remote relationship to Hebrew, the scholarly and ancient language of the biblical Children of Israel, although it may be remarked in passing, that Hebrew has been slowly passing through a renaissance during the past few years in the Jewish colonies in Palestine where it is regarded as the national tongue. Yiddish is derived from old high German, but the grammar and vocabulary have been debased by the addition of the slang of every country which has harbored Jews in recent centuries. To the American ear the language sounds raucous, discordant, vulgar, yet in spite of its seeming inappropriateness for literary expression a noteworthy Yiddish literature has been produced within the past quarter century.

Jacob Gordin was a remarkably copious writer, being the author of nearly a hundred Yiddish plays and ten times as many stories and articles in Russian and German and Yiddish. He lectured to his people free of charge, but he made a fortune from his plays, composing them in three-penny copy books in pencil, often producing two or three a month. He borrowed his plots from English, French or Greek dramas, in fact, wherever he found them, but he peopled them with authentic Yiddish types, who moved in a realistic atmosphere, for it was Gordin's particular genius to clothe all his plays with the magic of verisimilitude.

Gordin is familiar to the American stage chiefly through translations of his dramatizations of "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "Resurrection," used successfully for several seasons by the late Blanche Walsh. The period of Gordin's greatest popularity, roughly from 1890 to 1902, has often been called the Golden Age of the Yiddish theatre. Gordin's plays were largely written for David Kessler, Moskowitz, Bertha Kalich, Jacob P. Adler and Jenie Lipzen, who was probably the greatest of the Gordin actresses.

It is interesting to note here that the Jewish Art Theatre has as one of its strongest principles, the absolute eradication of the star system. No member of the cast is ever featured and no member allowed to monopolize the center of the stage. The harmonious blending of the entire company to a sincere and sympathetic interpretation of the playwright's script is the ideal which the Jewish Art Theatre has set for itself and which so far has been obtained. Plays are continued for a run, but not until they exhaust their popularity and are bled white, as is the fate of the Broadway play. Each new play presented is added to the repertoire of the company and performances are alternated throughout the week.

Ben Ami as Peter Krunback the poet playwright in "Samson and Delilah"

The Jewish Art Theatre had an interesting inception. About the beginning of the twentieth century numerous dramatic societies sprang up and flourished, societies whose aim was the improvement of the Yiddish stage. These societies were often composed of talented amateurs and under their inspiration many fine one-act plays were written. Indeed, several of the most successful of the modern Yiddish playwrights, including Ovrom Raisen, Sholem Ash, and David Pinski, were first encouraged by these societies.

THE societies also were interested in winning back the large number of Americanized Jews who had become disgusted by the vulgarity to which a large part of the Jewish stage on the East side had degenerated.

The ideals of many of the popular entertainments consisted of large, big-chested women strutting up and down the stage cracking coarse and vulgar jokes with the comedian. Food was hawked about within the theatre and the most offensive boisterousness on the part of the audience was countenanced.

It was against this condition that the cultured Jews of the East side wished to contend in the establishment of the Jewish Art Theatre. They knew that the Jews of New York were interested in seeing good Yiddish plays capably acted, and the ready response that has greeted their efforts gives striking testimony to their faith.

The Jewish Art Theatre moved up from the East side last year and occupied the Irving Place Theatre, playing a very successful season under the direction of Maurice Schwartz. However, it was Mr. Ben Ami's production of Peretz Hirshbein's romantic comedy, "The Idle Inn," that gave the season its chief distinction and led directly to the establishment of the company in the Garden Theatre.

The production of this play caused something of a literary sensation and enlisted the loyal support of the Yiddish press of New York. Hirshbein became the storm center of a new group of playwrights who produced literature while producing drama. Hirshbein's plays deal with simple country folk and their simple everyday problems. The fact that a cow refuses to feed and thus endangers the means of livelihood of the whole family is made an important point in the action of one of Hirshbein's most successful comedies.

In "The Idle Inn," (*Continued on page* 302)

©Bachrach

BEATRICE DE HOLTHOIR

One of the few actresses who is as delightful in English as she is in French. A recent member of the Théâtre D'Art company, she is about to appear in a new English play

FRANK BACON

From a painting by Joseph Cummings Chase, the portrait painter with the A. E. F. Mr. Chase is doing a series of prominent Americans and has chosen Frank Bacon as the representative of the drama

Abbe

LILLIAN TRIMBLE BRADLEY

The first woman to be general stage director in America. Mrs. Bradley directed "The Crimson Alibi" and "The Storm" for George Broadhurst, and is also the author of "The Wonderful Thing"

EMMANUEL REICHER

The director for the Theatre Guild of "The Power of Darkness" and "Jane Clegg," is the father of two gifted players, Frank and Hedwig Reicher.

Maurice Goldberg

GENIA FONARIOVA

A soprano whose lovely voice charmed her hearers at a recent recital in Aeolian Hall

Goldberg

Helen Kanders, a dramatic soprano who attracted attention in operatic rôles abroad. In concert recitals at Carnegie Hall recently she displayed a voice of unique quality and a finished art of singing

Goldberg

Mary Ellis and Raymonde Delaunois as Mytyl and Tyltyl in the operatic version of "The Blue Bird" at the Metropolitan

Matzene

GEORGE HAMLIN

One of the most distinguished American tenors whose appearances on the concert stage are always a delight

ARTISTS WHO PROVE THAT MUSIC HATH CHARMS

From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

RUTH FINDLAY

In "The Cat Bird" Miss Findlay is the exuberant young woman who is trained by the Professor (John Drew) in the same way that he manages bugs and insects. She makes of the character a charming and vivacious figure

PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

No. 3. Eugene O'Neill

LIFE is a tragedy—hurrah!" is blazoned on the escutcheon of Eugene O'Neill, the young American who, at the age of thirty-one, has made important contributions to the dramatic literature of the world. All his work shows him a realist, with Strindberg and Ibsen as his acknowledged forebears; but he does not sit on their peak of bleak psychology. Thoroughly American in outlook, neither morbid nor moralistic, he writes of "things as they are" with fine seriousness. Even in his tragedies there is room for laughter. But not laughter for its own sake—comedy relief. O'Neill is interested in comedy only when it expresses character; for it is life itself he records—how man, the mixture of good and evil, the compound of vitality and aspiration, copes with the accidents that make up his life.

Though practically unknown until a month ago when John D. Williams presented his first full length play "Beyond the Horizon" at a series of special matinees, O'Neill is more than a figure of promise. He has two other long plays to his credit, "Chris" and "Straw" which George Tyler has scheduled for production this Spring. And there are two volumes of one-act dramas which show the thoughtfulness of his beginnings and the sturdiness of his development. The first of these "Thirst" published in 1914, contains six plays of widely different locale, all theatrically effective and indicating a grasp of the problems of life as dramatic material; but the characters are types of abstractions rather than persons. "The Moon of The Caribbees," published in 1919, contains five of the best short plays written by an American.

IN these O'Neill has found himself, master of the theatre as his medium and of individuals as his material. "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," "In the Zone," "Ile" and the title play "The Moon of The Caribbees" he combines a rare technical skill with an extraordinary vividness of characterization. Here are real people—you know their appearance, their walk, the flavor of their talk and the secrets of their thoughts; and you see them at a crisis in their lives, inevitably contributing to a situation both powerful and poignant. Most of these short plays reached the stage by way of the Provincetown Players, the Washington Square Players and the Greenwich Villagers, and proved even more effective in the theatre than in the library.

The power of showing character development was all that O'Neill needed to become master of the full length drama. This he achieved with marked success in his first long play "Beyond the Horizon." Though not as closely knit as his two later plays, it proceeds with the inescapable logic of Fate. In a sympathetic and discerning review the critic of the New York *Times* points out that it has "the mood, the austerity, and all in all, the stature of a novel by Thomas Hardy," and relates the story of the play from this viewpoint:

"Beyond the Horizon" he writes "unfolds the tragedy of a young, farm-born dreamer, whose romantic mind and frail body yearn for the open sea, the swarming ports of the mysterious East, the beckoning world beyond the line of hills which shut in the acres of his home. By all that is in him, he is destined for a wanderer's life, but Fate, in wanton mood, tethers him to this little hill-cupped farm and watches coolly the misery and decay this means for all his house. You meet him first at this cross-roads of his life and see him take the wrong turning. To him, on the night before he is to set sail for a three years' cruise around the world, comes love in the form of a neighbor's daughter whom he and all his people had thought marked rather for his brother.

BLINDED by the flame kindled in that moment of her confession, he lightly foregoes all thought of the world beyond the horizon, plans to settle at once on the farm with his jubilant bride, and watches serenely enough while his heart-wrenched brother sets forth on the cruise that was to have been his—the bluff, unromantic brother, who irony of ironies, is a true son of the soil, born to do nothing but work its fields and sure to wither if uprooted.

"Then you follow through the years the decay of that household, the tragedy of the misfit. You see the waning of love, the birth of disappointment, the corrosion of poverty and spite and disease. You watch the romance burn itself out to an ugly cinder. You see the woman grow drab and dull and sullen, and you see the man, wasted by the consumption another life might have avoided, crawl at last out of the hated house to die on the road he should have traveled, straining his eyes towards the hills he never crossed.

"All this is told with sure dramatic instinct, clear understanding, and a certain quite unsentimental compassion. To an extent unfamiliar in our theatre, this play seems alive. This is not merely because truth works within it nor because of the realness of its people. It is rather because of the visible growth and change that takes place as the play unfolds.

"The aging of the people is evidenced by more than the mere graying at the temples and the change of clothes, those symbols by which the theatre is wont to recognize, if at all, the flight of the years.

IN a hundred and one ways, it is evidenced as well by the slow changing of character and the steady deterioration of the souls a progression of the spirit which, by the way, asks great things of the actors, and, for the most part, asks not in vain. O'Neill paints his canvas with what Henley called 'the exquisite chromatics of decay.' You might almost say, then, that the play is alive because it follows the inexorable processes of death. Not since Arnold Bennett's 'Old Wives' Tales' has any book or play given us quite so persuasively a sense of the passage of time."

"Chris," O'Neill's second long play is of cheerier theme. A character study of an old Norwegian deep-sea sailor of the clipper ship days—a simple soul of a man who meets his disillusionment with the hurt surprise of a child, but bravely goes on with life hiding the ache in his heart. "Straw" which O'Neill feels is his best piece of work, he describes as "a tragedy of human hope." It is a play of tuberculosis, and all the action takes place in a sanitorium. At the same time it is not morbid nor in any sense pathological. "My whole idea" he says "is to show the power of spiritual help, even when a case is hopeless. Human hope is the greatest power in life and the only thing that defeats death."

And what of this young author who fulfills all our thumb-rule measurements of genius—who at the age of thirty-one looks upon life with deep-seeing eyes and peoples his plays with those who yearn and those who strive, the lusty and the weak from many ranks and stations—in brief, who has sounded the depths of both the theatre and the world.

Though not striking in appearance, Eugene O'Neill is not a usual type. Lack of robustness gives his five-feet ten inches an added heighth; his clothes, which hang loosely upn his well-proportioned frame, suggest neither dapperness nor the conscious carelessness of the artist. Hands well manicured and white from a winter indoors; but his face retains a tinge of summer tan. His forehead high and rounded calls to mind pictures of Edgar Allan Poe; it narrows at the temples where his crisp black hair is tinged with white.

CHIN and nose are well defined though not aggressive; a narrow black moustache marks his upper lip but cannot hide the extreme sensitiveness of his mouth—a sensitiveness that is intensified in his large brilliant eyes, the whites of an opaque clearness contrasting with the rich glowing brown of the iris. These eyes have seen both the sunshine and suffering of the world—they say "Life is a tragedy—hurrah"!

His knowledge of the theatre came to Mr. O'Neill by way of inheritance. He is the son of James O'Neill, the veteran of "Monte Cristo" fame. As a boy, the stage was his playground, and he unconsciously absorbed a knowledge of the mechanics and technique of the drama. In this atmosphere, too, he gained an early sophistocation denied to the farm-bred lad who yearns for the life of the city. All the dreams of young Eugene O'Neill were of ships, the scent of spices and the glamor of foreign ports. At twenty he left Princeton, served for a time as stage manager of "The White Sister" in which his father was acting, and spent his leisure reading Jack London's tales of the sea. At twenty-one he shipped as an ordinary seaman on the Charles Racine, a Norwegian bark, from Boston to Buenos Ayres.

Four years of roving followed, with never a thought of playwriting or spinning stories. "I hadn't any particular idea or ambition" he explains," just to keep (*Continued on page* 302)

Dudley Digges as Henry, the absolute rotter, is puzzled by his wife's refusal to kiss him good-bye

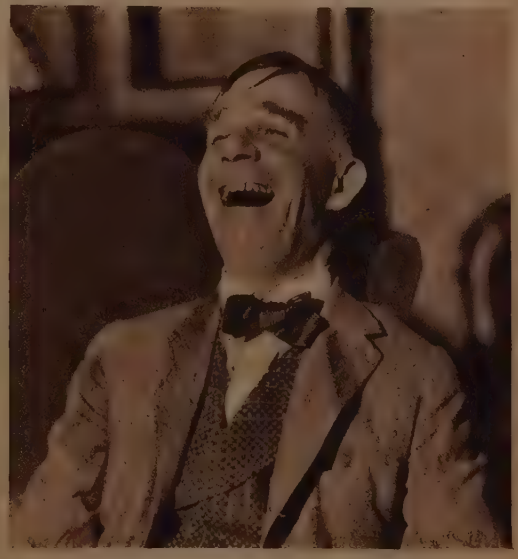
Photocraft

Margaret Wycherly as Jane Clegg. The end of the play which St. John Ervine, the author, calls "a happy ending"

MARGARET WYCHERLY AND DUDLEY DIGGES

Henry Clegg pleads to be saved from jail. His wife, knowing him to be a liar and a thief and suspecting his disloyalty to her, hesitates

Helen Westley as Mrs. Clegg, the doting grandmother



Henry Travers as Munce, the bookie, contributes a delightful bit

THE THEATRE GUILD'S FINE PERFORMANCE OF "JANE CLEGG"

Apeda

(Left)

CAMERON SISTERS

A dancing pair who combine grace, beauty and charm—these attractive sisters are prominent in the new Ziegfeld revue, "The Girls of 1920"

Em'l Bauer

(Left)

ALBERTINA RASCH

This former ballerina of the Century and Chicago Opera companies has been headlining in vaudeville and recently appeared at the Capitol

White

(Right)

BERTEE BEAUMONTE

Who displays remarkable agility and contributes a dancing hit to "The Magic Melody"

Kaufman & Fabry

THE PAVLEY-OUKRAINSKY BALLET SCHOOL

The premier danseurs of the Chicago Opera Company conduct a dancing school where all the members of the corps de ballet, as well as the solo dancers are American girls

GRACEFUL FOLLOWERS OF TERPSICHORE

From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill

CHRYSTAL HERNE

This sympathetic actress is meeting with great success in the leading feminine rôle of Rita Weiman's drama, "The Acquittal," at the Cohan and Harris Theatre

Abbe

BOOTS WOOSTER

A clever ingenue who has scored a hit in support of Leo Ditrichstein in the romantic melodrama, "The Purple Mask," at the Booth Theatre

Campbell

MABEL GRISWOLD

A Winter Garden beauty who is doing her bit to carry "The Passing Show of 1919" to success

Campbell

BETTY HALE

A prominent member in the cast of "The Night Boat," the new musical comedy that is sailing away to popularity and a long run at the Liberty Theatre

YOUTH AND TALENT ON OUR STAGE

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE CAT-BIRD." Comedy in three acts by Rupert Hughes. Produced on February 16, with this cast:

Martin Gloade	John Drew
James Brearley	Arthur Barry
Tom Forshay	William Raymond
Roy Murison	Sydney Mason
Ronald	William Williams
Parker	Albert Reed
Mullins	Willard Bowman
Mrs. Fay Crosby	Janet Beecher
Coralie Tippet	Ruth Findley
Fanita Augevine	Pauline Armitage

JOHN DREW'S art is neither big nor deep, but it is gracious, amiable and finished, and in the delineation of certain rôles that call for the social amenities none equals this popular comedian.

In "The Cat-Bird" by Rupert Hughes, (neither author nor producer, ventures to describe it.) Mr. Drew has the middle aged rôle of a savant who in his original zest for etymology lost the wife that might have been. Now a widow, she invades the Professor's vivarium, where he studies the habits of insects, and implores his help. She has a niece utterly beyond her feeble control. Foolish, but not vicious, the Professor manages to tame the young girl in the same way that bugs and insects act toward each other, and out of gratitude or the gentler awakening of a passion of long ago, secures the widow for a belated bride.

All very tenuous and harmless, but told with a conscious skill and some little humor and modest wit. Of course, the requirements of a rôle such as Martin Gloade, scientist, make no exactions that Mr. Drew is not more than competently capable of fulfilling. He has all that the character called for, plus a liberal quota of his own suave and well-poised self.

Janet Beecher was a sparkling widow, all stage widows of this type sparkle, and her exuberant niece was presented with genuine youthful enthusiasm and no little beauty and charm by Ruth Findlay.

Her impulsive young lover, the one who finally overcame all obstacles and carried her literally off in his arms to the altar, had a manly exponent in William Raymond. Bits of character, some extraneous and some mildly attuned to the plot, were contributed by Arthur Barry, Sydney Mason, William Williams, Albert Reed—he was the indispensable, old family servant—and Pauline Armitage. The two sets by Lee Simonson were in charming taste.

GARRICK. "JANE CLEGG." Play in three acts by St. John G. Ervine. Produced on February 23, with this cast:

Henry Clegg	Dudley Digges
Jane Clegg	Margaret Wycherly
Johnnie	Russell Hewitt
Jennie	Jean Bailey
Mrs. Clegg	Helen Westley
Mr. Morrison	Erskine Sanford
Mr. Munce	Henry Travers

WITH its presentation of St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg" the Theatre Guild takes a definite and distinguished place in the history of the stage in this country. Great praise is due this group of conscientious enthusiasts for their superb production of a remarkably fine play.

For the purposes of his story Ervine abandons his usual peasants, their dialect and their picturesque appeal. His characters are of the humbler, middle class—a grade of human folk, incidentally, that are but rarely the factors of an entertaining drama, never perhaps, except when an artistry such as Ervine's can make them appear interesting. Jane Clegg is the wife of a London clerk—a small, salaried city salesman, dressed—and his very costume is fine tragedy—in the traditional cut-away. Her husband is a rotter, he has had an affair with a woman, he is a lying, snivelling, thieving rotter. He is a most incredible scoundrel, and yet, withal, human and understandable, and when at the end he goes off with his new "fancy woman" and leaves Jane to a new life of hope, it is not our hate that follows him, but our profound pity.

For the sake of their two children Jane tries to bear the torture of life with this man; when he steals from his employer, she keeps him from prison by repaying the stolen money from a little sum she has inherited, and has put by to educate her boy. She has forgiven him his first affair; she is willing to go to Canada with him to help him start life anew. But then she learns that he has stolen not to pay gambling debts as he has told her but to run away with another woman. She tells him to go, and in a most powerful scene, he, failing to understand what he thinks is her magnaminity, attempts to kiss her good-bye, and then, still amazed, leaves her forever.

It is with a sure, sincere pen that Mr. Ervine has sketched. A quiet, restrained note throughout, even in the tensest scenes, accentuates the realism which is above all conveyed by the human character of the beings in the play. They are real, immensely real, and, like all real people, somewhat humorous even in their trouble—the characters themselves, perforce, rather than what they do, give "Jane Clegg" its swift intelligent comedy. Ample for the usual "relief," and not palpably sandwiched in to bring a smile to the tears.

The production is excellent. A set by Lee Simonson is in perfect taste. Margaret Wycherly has never done better in her life in the remarkable title rôle. Henry Travers gives admirable atmosphere to the part of Munce, a "bookie." Erskine Sanford and Helen Westley fill substantially the rôles of an old cashier and the mother of Henry Clegg respectively. But the performance of Dudley Digges as Henry Clegg—incidentally he played Jimmie Caesar in "John Ferguson"—stands with the play itself as the outstanding and memorable feature of this production.

LITTLE. "HE AND SHE." Play in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced on February 12, with this cast:

Keith MacKenzie	Fleming Ward
Tom Herford	Cyril Keightley
Ann Herford	Rachel Crothers
Daisy Herford	Margaret Johnson
Millicent Herford	Faire Binney
Ruth Creel	Ethel Cozzens
Dr. Remington	Arthur Elliott
Ellen	Frances Bryant

RACHEL CROTHERS is so purposeful, so observant and true in characterization, and so firm in her touch in handling a scene that no

play of hers fails to have moments of compelling interest.

A mother discovers the cause of the willfullness of her child who refuses to go back to school. Presently it is drawn from the girl in her early teens that she is going to be married. This assertion of independence is all the more alarming in that at first the child refuses to give any circumstantial account of her affair. Who is the man? It is the chauffeur at the school. Where, when, how often had she met him? Once or twice she had gone down by the fire-escape and they had had their talks in the arbor. The solicitude of the mother and the confiding artlessness of the child in the scene which has a happy ending is as thrilling as melodrama and as innocent as a fairy tale.

The mother is played by Rachel Crothers herself and admirably. Faire Binney, as the child, is efficient too. This one scene is of more worth than some entire plays now running. Two other feminine characters are of contrasting interest, one a young woman of advanced ideas, who breaks her engagement in order to "live her own life" and follow a career as a literary person. The other, attractive enough, domestic in habits, wanting to marry and believing that Man should be It in the household, but who is overlooked by Man. She finds herself presently in finding the Man in him discarded by the literary person.

These episodic things have more substance than the complication that makes the main intent of the play, which seems to be to prove that man and wife cannot remain happily married if both are seeking a public career. Both are artists. The wife wins a prize in competition. She will not give up the career that seems open to her. She does give it up to save her child by taking her abroad and letting time cure her of infatuation. The apparent object of the play—to prove that a woman's place is at home—is not logically demonstrated in the circumstances. A woman of genius might well be a model mother and at the same time follow her genius. She has a duty to the public as well as to her family. The bolt aimed at feminism and the neglect of home falls far short of its destination. Nobody ever has doubted the right of a woman of genius to follow that genius; but it is the common belief, overwhelmingly justified, that the genius of most women lies at home.

PLAYHOUSE. "THE WONDERFUL THING." Play in four acts by Mrs. Lillian Trimble Bradley, founded on a story by Forrest Halsey. Produced on February 17, with this cast:

Donald Mannerby	Gordon Ash
Laurie Mannerby	Henry Duffey
Captain Carser	Fred. L. Tiden
Thomas Fosdick	Edward Lester
Bates	George Schaeffer
Tabers	Philip Dunning
Jacqueline Laurentie	Jeanne Eagels
Mrs. Mannerby	Olive Temple
Mrs. Truesdale	Gladys Maude
Angelica Mannerby	Jane Marbury
Dulsie Fosdick	Eva Leonard Boyne

THE wonderful thing about "The Wonderful Thing" is that its leading woman—Jeanne Eagels—has so magnetic and fascinating a personality that the play is almost forgotten in the absorption of watching the actress. The action of the plot is by no means slow, nevertheless the piece drags along while she is off stage. But the moment Miss Eagels, with her sinuous glide, her piquant face, and her remarkable voice, with its French accent and pleasing inflections, appears, the play comes to new life and sparkles its way along until her cue again takes her off stage.

Without Jeanne Eagles, "The Wonderful Thing" would still be good, but with her it is just fifty per cent more entertaining than it would have been without her. On the night after its opening, her audience clamored for her between acts, and whenever she appeared on the stage during the four acts, the applause that greeted her forced her to wait several minutes before she could even begin her lines.

The type of woman Miss Eagels portrays is a fine one, but rare. Few of the species are so consistently sweet and amiable, self-sacrificing, forgiving and tolerant as is the little French girl who comes to live in an impoverished English household, after the eldest son marries her for her money.

She forgives her sisters-in-law for their insults and snobbery, she lavishes affection upon a drunken, weakling brother-in-law; she showers her money with eager hands upon her penniless husband, and reaching the peak of generosity, she forgives him when she learns that he married her for her money instead of for herself.

Miss Eagels' supporting cast is particularly well assembled. Fred. L. Tiden, acts with convincing naturalness the rôle of the suave, blackmailing proprietor of the gambling den, who has more than his share of villainy to perform. Gordon Ash and Henry Duffey, as the two brothers, handled their rôles, which call for considerable emotionalism, with excellent repression, and with shrewd understanding of how far a man can go in the weeping and gnashing of teeth game.

Mrs. Lillian Trimble Bradley, who wrote the play, which is founded on a story by Forest Hasey, staged it and also designed the scenery.

MOROSCO. "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE." Play in four acts by Arnold Bennett. Produced on Feb. 23, with this cast:

Carlotta Peel	Elsie Ferguson
Emilio Diaz	Jose Ruben
Frank Ispenlove	Alexander Onslow
Mary Ispenlove	Olive Oliver
Emmeline Palmer	Katherine Brook
Snape	A. Romaine Callender
Mrs. Joicey	Augusta Haviland
Louisa Benbow	Bertha Kent
Lord Francis Alcar	Sebastian Smith
Marie Sardis	Maud Milton
Jocelyn Sardis	Peggy Harvey
Rosalie	Renee de Monvil
Leonie	Denise Corday
A Parlor Maid	Eleanor Seybolt

ONLY a few days before I saw it acted I read the dramatic version Arnold Bennett had made of his novel, the story of Carlotta. "Sacred and Profane Love," as he calls the acting edition, I found very interesting. A specious bit of special pleading, quite bizarre in its relation to real humanity—but vivid and entertaining.

In the acting these qualities largely disappeared—that is the good ones—and in their place was revealed a drama starkly inept, wanting in many of the essential requirements of the stage and unglossed by the niceties of acting that would have tempered its inherent weaknesses.

A player of temperament, personality, resource and charm could have softened and made real the highly unconventional rôle of Carlotta, but as the actress presented it, it was stagy, monotonous and artificial. Save in the first act she did not in any sense realize Mr. Bennett's creation. Three years in the movies by the way is not educational. The emphases of the screen are hurtful to the methods exacted by the spoken drama, and it is probable therefore that it will take Miss Ferguson a little while to get back into her histrionic stride. Let us hope this she will soon accomplish. Her beauty will always be welcome. The gowns she effects will always be appreciated by the ladies.

While waiting for her train, Carlotta after the concert visits Emilio Diaz, a famous pianist in his lodg-

Photocraft

JOHN DREW

Who plays the rôle of Martin Gloade, a scientist with a keen interest in etymology in Rupert Hughes' new comedy "The Cat-Bird"

Photocraft

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

As Nan, the unhappy household drudge, who hopes for release through the medium of love in Masefield's "The Tragedy of Nan" presented at special matinees recently

PROMINENT STARS IN COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

ings. Never before had she spoken to him. She steals away the next morning and doesn't see him for seven years. In the meantime, she becomes a famous and successful novelist. Her publisher, a married man, wants her to elope with him. She confesses she loves him, but when she hears that Diaz, a victim of morphine, is living in penury in Paris she flies to him, suffers all the abuse of an addict in his delirium and is even shot at.

But she carries him off, reforms him and makes him once more the idol of the public he originally was. Then they decide to marry. Not a very healthy thesis, but broidered here and there with observations of life and character in Mr. Bennett's ingenious and readable manner.

Jose Ruben is the pianist. No exception can be taken to his rendering of the "dope scene." Pathologically and artistically, it was the real thing. A French cocotte who fed and housed him in his abject state was enacted with Gallic vivacity by Renee de Monvil. As the publisher's wife, Olive Oliver, and Carlotta's secretary, Katherine Brook contributed interesting studies of character. Maud Milton, Bertha Kent and J. Sebastian Smith were also helpful in explanatory rôles.

39TH STREET. "THE TRAGEDY OF NAN." By John Masefield. Produced on February 24 with this cast:

Jenny Pargetter	Beatrice Noyes
Mrs. Pargetter	Annie Hughes
William Pargetter	Harry Ashford
Nan Hardwick	Alexandra Carlisle
Dick Gurvil	Philip Merivale
Artie Pearce	Frank Gregory
Gaffer Pearce	John Harwood
Tommy Arker	David Urquhart
Ellen	Susan Given
Susan	Mabel Hicks
The Rev. Mr. Drew,	Walter Kingsford
Captain Dixon	Charles Francis
The Constable	John Smith
Mary	Jean May

ONCE in a while at the theatre you see a performance that as far as externals, intent and method are concerned is eminently satisfying and yet fails to convince. The inner fire seems lacking. Such a rendition is Alexandra Carlisle's Nan in Masefield's grim relentless tragedy, dealing with that unhappy young woman, the household drudge who longed for release through the medium of love, but found herself balked at every effort, until worked into a frenzy she becomes a murderess. Death brings her ultimate release.

Miss Carlisle looked Nan and acted it with fervor and feeling, but she never quite got into the skin of the rôle to the extent that she moved you; there was a sense of sophistication beneath it all that spelt artificiality.

Her recreant lover, or rather the material one who placed comfort and security above the natural impulses of the heart, was neatly presented by Philip Merivale, and the cattish cousin Jenny, was acted by Beatrice Noyes, with a feline heartlessness that made for fine theatrical effectiveness. The shrewish, designing unkind aunt was depicted with telling energy by Annie Hughes while the poetical spirit of the piece, represented in the aged loquacious, symbol discoursing figure of old Gaffer Pearce, had an interpreter in John Harwood who quite realized the spirit and purpose.

"The Tragedy of Nan" is well worth doing, and it was nicely and reverently done—but that's about all that may be said.

KNICKERBOCKER. "SHAVINGS." Comedy from Joseph C. Lincoln's novel, dramatized by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short. Produced on February 16 with this cast:

J. Edward Winslow	Harry Beresford
Capt. Sam Hunniwell	James Bradbury
Phineas Babbitt	Charles Dow Clark
Leander Babbitt	Douglas MacPherson
Major Grover	Mitchell Harris
Charles Phillips	Saxon Kling
Gabriel Bearse	George Neville
Roscoe Holway	Dudley Clements
Ruth Armstrong	Clara Moores
Barbara Armstrong	Lillian Roth
Maude Hunniwell	Vivian Tobin

A COMMONPLACE piece adapted from one of E. K. Lincoln's good Cape Cod stories is "Shavings."

A dull enough blade is its absent-minded protagonist, an eccentric town character who spends his time whittling windmills and going through the conventional tactics of a stage "delightful personality." I've no doubt, however, that the "Lightnin'" lovers will forgive "Shavings" its slender humor and stage-carpentered situations. No members of the Pollyanna brigade will be able to resist the "big moment" when "Shavings" undertakes to sacrifice himself, his honor, and the Lord-knows-what-not to save the reputation of the brother of the woman he loves. Thoroughly silly, factory-turned play-writing,—I've no doubt but what it will capture much matinee money.

A pleasant lot of young folk with clean, fine faces and much enthusiasm, if little experience, form part of the "Shavings" company,—I am glad to see their breed in the coming generation of players. Harry Beresford as "Shavings" gives a conscientious performance, but the rôle is too unreal to permit of much sincerity or conviction.

LYRIC. "GEORGE WASHINGTON." Play in three acts and a prologue by Percy MacKaye. Produced on March 1, with this cast:

Laurence Washington	Frank Arundell
Lord Fairfax	Allen Thomas
Mammy Sal	Nellie Peck Saunders
Captain Van Bramm	Le Roi Operti
Mary Washington	Elsie Herndon Kearns
George Washington	Walter Hampon
Myles Cooper	William Sauter
Sally Fairfax	Beth Martin
Ann Spearing	Netta Sunderland
Humphrey Knight	Ernest Rowan
Zekiel	G. F. Hannam-Clark
Martha Washington	Beatrice Reinhardt
Myles Cooper	Wililam Sauter
Alexander Hamilton	Gerald Hamer
Jack Custis	Donald Foster
A Doctor	Jerome Colamor
Marquis de LaFayette	Paul Leyssac
Betsy Ross	Beatrice Maude
A Little Boy	Fred. J. Verdi
A Little Girl	Phyllis Loughton
The Comic Mask	Albert Oswald
The Tragic Mask	James Whittaker
The Theatre	William Sauter
Billy	Coulter Gaines
Patrick Henry	Charles Webster
Chaplain Emerson	Jerome Colamor
Colonel Henry Knox	Frank Arundel
A Boston Girl	Katherine Haden
A Cambridge Girl	Elizabeth Milburn
A Virginia Soldier	Bernard Merrick
Leader of "Johnnies"	W. Donald DuTilly
Leader of "Jinnies"	Richard Abbott
Billy	Coulter Gaines
Selectman	Le Roi Operti
Tom Payne	Maxwell Ryder

I THINK I admire Percy MacKaye's ability to get his poems and his plays printed and produced more than I do his literary capacity. It is quite wonderful for a comparatively young author to have seen $100,000 spent on a Caliban, a very large sum on "The Canterbury Pilgrims" as a libretto at the Metropolitan, and an almost equally large sum on the version of "Rip Van Winkle," which the Chicago Opera Company presented to an accompaniment of Reginald de Koven's music. Several other plays from MacKaye's pen have also seen the footlights. I know "Sapho" and "Phaon" cost Harrison Grey Fiske a pot of money. But the fact that he never seems to quite hit it never interferes with his ability to secure the needful for another experiment, and so "George Washington," a play in a prologue and three acts and ten scenes, gets a production and hearing at the Lyric.

Mr. MacKaye's laudable ambition was to write a play that should reflect the real and human Washington, not the ultra-reserved and super-dignified Father of his Country, so always presented in bronze, marble and the mural painting. But it is in just this respect that I think

the poet has signally failed. As revealed in these episodes of his varied career, Washington is a stilted, top-loftical, platitudinous painted figure of pasteboard, the replica of the stereotyped copybook ideal.

Mr. MacKaye has imagination and the true poetical capacity, but he is obsessed with the idea of the community drama, and such an obsession carries his imagination to the point where it kills itself. The tiresome old fiddler, with the accompanying children, always bursting into the ballads of the pre- and revolutionary days, is a disturbing element that only interrupts and always bores, that is when he is not an absolute nuisance, and this, too, in the face of the very skillful and artistic rendering which George Marion gives of the part. It is the old-fashioned Fourth of July spread-eagleism in attempted dramatic form.

Walter Hampden plays the title rôle. His resemblance to the Father of his Country is quite remarkable, and his reading is dignified and stately. He did, in my opinion, all that the part as written by Mr. MacKaye called for. It was not his fault that he couldn't breathe vitality into Mr. MacKaye's creation. William Sauter as the Tory president of King's College, Gerald Hamer as Alexander Hamilton, Paul Leyssac as LaFayette, and Charles Webster as Patrick Henry, were bright spots in a fairly competent production.

The scenic effects by Robert Edmond Jones were pictorially and artistically satisfying.

PRINCESS. "TICK-TACK-TOE." Musical comedy in two acts. Dialogue, lyrics and music by Herman Timberg. Produced on March 1 with this cast:

Stu-Hi	William Bence
Stu-Lo	Dora Hilton
Flo	Flo Lewis
Jay	Jay Gould
Jim	C. Leland Marsh
Stu Mutch	Charles Senft
Sho Mee	Billy Dreyer
Kik Lo	Laura Dreyer
Ni No	Eddie Frankel
"Frisco"	Mabel Benelesha
Lillian Lorraine	Carmen Hayes
Dolly Sisters—Amy Frank, Elsie Frank	
Ann Pennington	Loralda Popenay
Al Jolson	Helen Lewis
Frances White	Dotty Bryant
Ethel Barrymore	Marie Gilmore
Julius	Herman Timberg
Pearl	Pearl Eaton
Meyer	George Mayo
Like Me	Hattie Darling
Mr. Two Bit	J. Guilfoyle

HERMAN TIMBERG, in three acts would perhaps be a better title for the musical revue which came to the Princess under the cognomen of "Tick-Tack-Toe," which really means nothing at all. Mr. Timberg, on the other hand, does. Mr. Timberg wrote the book. Mr. Timberg penned the lyrics. Mr. Timberg composed the music. Mr. Timberg staged the show. Mr. Timberg à la Flo Ziegfeld selected the beauties for the chorus (Mr. Timberg has an excellent eye). Mr. Timberg is the producer, and, finally, Mr. Timberg is the chief entertainer.

It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Timberg, unlike some others, does not attempt to comprise the whole show, and the very satisfactory cast from a revue standpoint comprises Flo Lewis, Jay Gould, Pearl Eaton, Dora Hilton, Amy Frank, Elsie Frank, Dotty Bryant, J. Guilfoyle, Eddie Frankel and Billy Dreyer.

"Tick-Tack-Toe" is one of those foot-tapping, shoulder-swaying, melodious revues which sends forth the audience whistling its airs. There is no plot and none is needed, for the songs, the jokes, the comedians and the chorus are all satisfying, leaving the playgoer feeling that a plot would be simply an annoyance, interfering with the high speed at which the piece is geared. The scenes change often and with amazing suddenness, and Mr. Timberg has generously tried to give every part of the known regions and some of those as yet unexplored a showing in his sets.

Coming, as he does, from the varieties, Mr. Timberg has turned to the two a day for many of his aids, and with his knowledge of their capabilities he has selected wisely. Especially notable were Dolly Bryant in an imitation of Frances White, Jay Gould, a graceful dancer, and the hilarious and sparkling Flo Lewis, a girl with personality, if you know what I mean.

GREENWICH VILLAGE "SOPHIE." Comedy in three acts by Philip Moeller. Produced on March 2 with this cast:

Marie Guimard	Marjorie Hollis
Mlle. Abigalette Heinel	Daisy Vivian
Sophie's Third Lackey	Basil West
Sophie's First Lackey	Sidney Toler
Sophie's Second Lackey	Paul V. Atherton
The Abbe de Voisenon	Oswald Yorke
Sophie	Emily Stevens
Rosalie Levasseur	Jean Newcombe
Louis Leon Felicite de Brancas, Count de Lauraguais	O. P. Heggie
Vivienne	Claire Mersereau
Christoph Willibald Ritter Von Gluck	Herbert Wilke
Mercy D'Argenteau	Adolf Link
Captain Etienne Mars	Hubbard Kirkpatrick
The Count de-Saint-Florentin	John Webster

A FRIEND said to me the other night in the lobby of the Greenwich Village Theatre, "Playgoing is getting to be a very expensive proposition. I've just paid $3.30 for a ticket and now have had to blow in $1.75 for a copy of Philip Moeller's play so that I can make out what Emily Stevens has been gabbling about as Sophie. Too much!" And I agreed with him.

Miss Stevens must liberally pare off some of the excrescences that cumber her art before she is entitled to exact any $5. It is a viciously, restless interpretation which she gives of the temperamental prima donna of the days of Louis XV., the kindly, gifted, tempestuous woman whose love affairs were as comprehensive as her musical repertoire. Miss Stevens has undoubted natural histrionic gifts, but as the years go on she seems to make little effort to improve them. She has allowed her personality to run away with her, and work which should be distinguished, clean-cut and expressed with the nicest modulations of voice, is careless, messy and frequently inaudible. Not only for her audiences but for herself particularly, she should bring about a reform. Successful art is based on hard work, not aptitude and intuition. Miss Stevens' genius is not superior to the aphorism.

I liked "Sophie," for I have a distinct weakness for costume comedies and studies of XVII century personalities and manners strongly appeal. But I don't think that Moeller's latest is nearly as witty as his "Madame Sand," nor as theatrically ingenious as his "Molière." But it is entertaining—this comedy wherein the breezy, capricious, resourceful *intriguante* sidetracks the exacting demands of the senile old debauchee, the Austrian Ambassador, straightens out the love affairs of a young parted couple, secures the liberty of her lover—more than peculiar in his mixture of the literary, scientific and amatory—all in the space of four hours. Its nearest approach to real weakness is the author's evident desire to be daring and to skirt with a witty glissando the dictates of gracious taste. In this he at times fails.

Although the author staged his piece and surely had a say in its casting, there are some singularly weak spots in the dramatic personæ. Capital an actor as he is, particularly in quaint, eccentric rôles, O. P. Heggie is only mildly successful as the Count de Lauraguais, but Adolf

(Continued on page 310)

THE STAGE AS A CAREER FOR WOMEN

Imagination and dramatic instinct—not mere beauty—the essentials to success

By JANE COWL

I AM asked so many times how to succeed on the stage that it may be worth while to attempt to crystallize my ideas on the subject. But in this, as in many other lines of effort, generalizations are not necessarily final—the experience of the individual does not always provide an unfailing rule.

On the other hand, I am convinced that no woman can achieve a lasting success in the theatre unless she is the happy possessor of certain fundamental qualities of personality, and unless the question of a career is attacked with an understanding of the difficulties to be met and the best way to overcome them. Because the aspirant "has always wanted to go on the stage," which is the expression one hears most frequently from the novice, it does not necessarily follow that she has the necessary talent to achieve, or, having the talent, that she will be so fortunate as to find an environment in which what is best in her equipment will be developed to the point of success.

I know of only one greater fallacy than the one which presupposes that because a woman is determined to succeed on the stage, she *will* succeed; it is the equally preposterous fallacy that any woman with the right sort of "pull", or any one who is willing to make certain personal sacrifices, will get on. Equally absurd is the assumption that a woman must make sacrifices of her personal dignity to achieve success on the stage

I think I speak with some knowledge, and I am prepared to state most positively that in my whole experience I cannot recall the single case of a girl who made a permanent success in the theatre as a result of anything other than her own ability and hard work combined with intelligent guidance—the latter being necessary to the actress in order to prevent her from accepting the kind of engagement which would mean retrogression rather than progress.

HERE one arrives at a very definite point which is involved in the question of success or failure on the stage. It is one that both the novice and the experienced actress frequently faces. And it is most important. We will assume, for the sake of argument, that we are dealing with a young woman who has already passed the novitiate stage, who has had a certain number of engagements and played a certain number of parts, whose name is not entirely unknown to managers, and whose services are more or less in demand. The time is sure to arrive when she asks herself: "Shall I accept an engagement on the road, or wait and see if anything turns up in New York?" The question answers itself when the mere matter of bread and butter is the important consideration. But sometimes it is really a question of choice—of determining what will be best for the future.

Now, the layman will ask what difference it makes, so long as the woman is occupied and is playing good parts? As a matter of fact, it may mean all the difference in the world. In New York, the actress, even though she may be playing a minor rôle, is more or less on exhibition at all times before the managers, upon whom she is dependent for future preferment. On tour, although she may win the encomiums of the general public and the praise of the critics, her light, so to speak, is hidden under a bushel.

Moreover, the actress on the road is not subjected to the same close scrutiny by the director that obtains when she is playing in a Metropolitan production, and unless she is something very like a genius she is pretty sure to acquire, in time, a lot of mannerisms which will subsequently be a hindrance to more important effort.

Nevertheless, certain road engagements, if intelligently selected and wisely employed by the actress, may be the means by which she will obtain experience in parts of more importance than would be hers in New York in the early stages of her career. How to sense the subtle distinction between the offer that will mean progress and one that will leave the actress standing still, or perhaps, going backward, is a matter for which there can be no general rule—it is often merely a matter of intuition.

White

JANE COWL
The star of "Smilin' Through" at the Broadhurst

TO cite my own experience as an example: I am one of those people who always wanted to go on the stage and I was close enough to the theatre in my childhood not to be mystified by it.

At the same time, my love for it was so great that I spent every minute I could spare and every penny I could get, in going to see plays. At the tender age of nine I worshipped my favorite actors and actresses with all possible ardor. While still a school girl, I learned in some roundabout way that a certain prominent New York manager was looking for an understudy. Now I must explain that at that time, although conscious of a desire to act and strong in the belief that with the right opportunity I could do so, I was handicapped by nervous fear and self-consciousness that manifested itself whenever I essayed to do anything in the presence of other people. I have never "spoken a piece" in my life, because if I attempted to do such a thing my voice would immediately leave me and I would shake with panic. In my professional career, I have succeeded, in a measure, in overcoming the physical manifestation of this terror, but the terror, itself, remains with me on the opening night of every new play, and for many nights after.

On the occasion when I applied for the position of understudy, my terror was so evident that the manager emphatically cried out: "Send that girl home—she will never make an actress."

A year or two later, David Belasco gave me my first professional engagement. I had one line to speak and at the first rehearsal, Mr. Belasco told me that I could not be heard in the first row of the theatre and that if I did not do better, he would have to give my line to another girl. I gritted my teeth, pulled myself together and evidently acquitted myself more creditably, for I had the satisfaction of continuing in my brief rôle.

Some time later, and after I had been entrusted with one or two fairly good parts, it developed that there was no rôle suitable for me in any of the plays which Mr. Belasco was on the point of producing. But by this time I was known to a number of managers, and largely, I believe, because of my youth and enthusiasm, I was the

White

Ethel Cozzens, Rachel Crothers, Margaret Johnson and Frances Bryant in "He and She," a problem play of modern life dealing with feminism and the neglect of the home

White

Clara Moores and Harry Beresford in "Shavings," a comedy based on J. C. Lincoln's well-known novel

Abbe

Ernest Torrence and Louise Groody in "The Night Boat" vary in size but are equally entertaining

PLAYS OF ALL TYPES ON BROADWAY

recipient of some very flattering offers to play leading rôles. Some of my friends believed that the moment had arrived for me to reach out for bigger things. However, I heard that in one of Mr. Belasco's productions, some one would be required to speak a few lines "off stage"—that is to say, not in view of the audience—and to play a few strains on the piano as incidental music. I asked if I might have the position, and I explained to Mr. Belasco that I believed that although I were not actually appearing before the public I could gain a great deal of valuable knowledge of my profession watching him rehearse other people. He allowed me to remain and I am confident that the year thus spent was of incalculable value to me. It lead directly to my engagement the following season in an important rôle in a New York production which, in a sense, established me as a leading woman. I still felt, however, that I lacked a variety of experience, but now I was in a position to get it under excellent conditions. Had I gone into a stock company before this time, I would have had to accept inconsequential rôles bringing little more in the way of experience than the work I had been doing in the regular productions. Now, however, I was able to devote the summer months "to trying myself out," as it were, in a variety of leading parts. It was exactly what I needed to obtain poise and precision, to acquire the foundations of a technique which could be built upon in the more important rôles of regular productions to follow.

I THINK it will not be difficult for any one to realize how great was the temptation to accept a leading part, whether in New York or on tour, rather than to efface myself, so to speak, at the time when I played the piano and spoke those few words from the wings. But I am convinced that the choice I then made had a very definite bearing on my subsequent career.

I have referred to fundamental qualities of personality without which lasting success in the theatre cannot be achieved. Although personal attractiveness is naturally advantageous, especially in the beginning, I do not believe that actual beauty is in itself of first importance. Combined with other qualities, it may be a valuable asset, but the presence of hundreds of beautiful women in the theatre who are mediocrities is convincing proof that mere beauty is not a very potent lever. The qualities which are absolutely essential and upon which ultimate achievement largely depends are imagination and dramatic instinct—imagination to conceive and understand the reactions possible, or probable, under given conditions, and dramatic instinct which creates in the would-be actress a mental state in harmony with the ideas to be expressed. Given these two qualities, some sort of acting ability is assured. Given these two qualities in large measure, there is a possibility that fine acting may be achieved; but education, experience, breadth of vision and supersensibility are necessary adjuncts for a realization of the greatest and most enduring results.

ODDLY enough, most children have a certain amount of imagination and dramatic instinct, but it is only the exceptional child who develops these qualities later in life. This explains not only why everybody cannot act, but, also, why successful child-actors and actresses are very often hopeless failures in the theatre in their later attempts.

Self-satisfaction is of all qualities that one which is most likely to hinder real achievement on the stage. A certain amount of self-confidence is necessary or one would never have the courage to face an audience. But no player can ever be entirely a law and judge unto himself. Some court of appeal is absolutely essential to progress. The art is too personal, too much a part of one's self to make it possible for the player to hold the scales fairly on his own achievement. That is why uninformed and unenlightened praise and blame are alike deterrents upon a successful stage career. Before accepting either the one or the other, the player would do well to determine to what extent the finding is based upon real sympathy and understanding of the art of acting.

I have known some conspicuous examples of careers ruined by the fact that the player avidly accepted unmerited praise ladled out by persons incapable of differentiating between what was really good and bad acting, while angrily rejecting censure based on intelligent understanding. I have seen young, promising actors and actresses who so stultify themselves in their own self-esteem that no one's opinion is worth anything to them, and progress, from this point becomes impossible.

The successful actor, or actress, by the very nature of the calling, must be in a position to understand how different kinds of people will react mentally and emotionally under various conditions. Now it is obviously impossible for any one man or woman to be *all* men and *all* women. It will be equally impossible for the imagination in itself to comprehend these multitudinous reactions unless the player is informed about many people and many things. For this reason, I have spoken of education and breadth of vision, as essentials to achievement. I do not mean, necessarily, that no woman will achieve great success in the theatre who has not had a university education, but I do know that her achievements will be more or less handicapped unless she has acquired something in her life's effort and experience that will be a substitute for what she might have gained at college.

In my earlier years on the stage, I felt my limitations keenly. Conditions at home had not been such as to enable me to attend college, but as far as it was possible I have tried to make up for that lack by assiduous reading and study. Between rehearsals and performances, I have attended all the lectures and classes that I could crowd in, and have studied my notes and written my thesis as zealously as if it were necessary for me to pass examinations.

ON the whole, I believe that the theatre provides a fine field for women, but no woman should embark upon acting as a career without having first subjected herself to the most critical self-analysis to determine just what she has to offer. The ranks of mediocrity are over-crowded, competition is keen and worth-while success demands, in addition to natural talent and confidence, the most slavish concentration, patience and self-sacrifice. Whether the rewards are sufficient to compensate for this is a matter to be decided by the individual. It is not a career to be lightly undertaken.

THEATRE THOUGHTS

JOHN DREW is going to write his memoirs with a quill plucked from a tailor's goose.

Sarah Bernhardt has coined money out of her "golden voice."

David Belasco is descended from Merlin the Magician.

Billie Burke is as sweet as honey. In fact, she is the Queen B.

John and Lionel Barrymore in "The Jest" are to be taken seriously.

It is said that the initial in the name of George M. Cohan stands for Mammon.

Frisco, the ragtime dancer, is good at pantomime, because he jazzticulates.

It is rumored that Julian Eltinge has bought the moving-picture rights of Bertha Kalich's play, "The Riddle-Woman."

Robert B. believes that the Mantell of Booth has descended upon his shoulders.

Not only is Willard Mack ambidextrous, he writes one play with his right hand and another with his left hand—at the same time.

Fanny Ward says the happiest recollection of her childhood is of being kissed by George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette.

When women are recognized as the equal of men, Lillian Russell should be nominated for President of the United States.

And Eva Tanguay for Secretary of War.

And Annette Kellerman for Secretary of the Navy.

When David Warfield was at Weber and Fields' Music-Hall, we laughed until we cried. When David Warfield starred in "The Auctioneer" and "The Music-Master," we cried until we laughed.

When Mrs. Fiske appeared as "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the gods compared her with the Tragic Muse. When Mrs. Fiske appeared as Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," the gods compared her with the Comic Muse. But when Mrs. Fiske appeared as "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," the gods recognized her as an equal.

Maude Adams succeeded so well in "The Little Minister," "Quality Street," "What Every Woman Knows," and "A Kiss for Cinderella" that now she wants Barrie more.

Geraldine Farrar, the opera singer, registers well in picture-plays, although we miss the upper register.

Elsie Janis has imitated stage celebrities so long and so cleverly that now she is imitating—Midas.

Al Woods has produced so many "bedroom farces" that he now buys his mattresses at wholesale.

HAROLD SETON.

From a portrait, copyright, Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARTHA MANSFIELD

Who gained a reputation for beauty on the stage, played opposite John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" on the screen, and is now leading woman with Thomas Meighan in a new Paramount Artcraft picture directed by Hugh Ford

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE old triumph of personality and direction over a mediocre plot grows more apparent with every month in motion picture history. If you read the current film reviews, still more, if you write them, you are aware that the oldest and most used line is "a commonplace story was redeemed by skillful acting and direction." It is the ultimate answer to the magazine articles on "What is Wrong With the Movies?" although nearly every one has his own pet theory to contribute in addition. And you don't have to be a movie critic to know that a good star in the hands of the right director, can make a significant film out of a New Jersey time table.

NEVERTHELESS, the ideal situation is where a director and his cast have a forceful and well-defined plot back of them to emphasize the development of their own ideas. One of these rare cases is shown in George Fitzmaurice's production of "On With The Dance." The work of this brilliant and imaginative artist may always be taken for granted but, in this film, it had the added advantage of an original and stirring scenario which Ouida Bergere made from this melodrama of Bohemia versus Mrs. Grundy.

It is a tale of the Magical City—New York—its strength, its cruelty and its witchery. The plot traces the adventures of a little waif from Russia, who dances her way from the steerage into a luxurious Fifth Avenue apartment, into numberless dangers and out again to a last reel haven of domestic bliss. But, more remarkable than the plot outline, is the symbolistic soul of the City which dominates the entire production and the subtle *motif* of the dance woven in and out through its action.

Mae Murray is the Russian heroine with twinkling toes and provocative glances. Her dances were the most extraordinary bit of movement ever caught by the camera. So were her costumes which like Gunga Din's uniform were "nothing much before and little less than half of that behind." But Mae Murray is elfin enough to get away with murder in this matter. There is a naive lilt to her dancing that disarmed the censors.

OF quite a different character and background was the second big film success from Famous-Players this month. "Huckleberry Finn" had no scenario problem, since the basis for its action came from one of the greatest classics in American literature. And William Taylo., its director, had the wisdom and restraint to hold strictly to the events in the text which is written out in sub-titles from "Hucks" graphic if misspelled diary.

"Anyone attempting to find a plot in this story should be shot," insisted Mark Twain. Therefore, Mr. Taylor took no chances. He went straight to original sources for his action and composed his pictures from the quaint Kemble illustrations which decorated the dog-eared old volume you used to read at home.

All the cast was composed of "regular fellers," just kids, instead of the obnoxious "professional juvenile" of over thirty. Through them you may follow Huck in his struggles with his father's delirium tremens, in his wanderings with the escaped slave and finally in the neat haven with Tom and Aunt Polly where he is protestingly "sivilized."

The vast Mississippi, meandering through all the scenes, adds a touch of symbolism. And a prologue and epilogue showing the white-haired humorist at work brings Mark Twain closer to the audience.

ANOTHER juvenile picture by the same director shows every indication of being popular in spite of the fact (or perhaps because) it is less true to child life. It is called "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" and featured Mary Miles Minter as the roguish heroine. Here Mr. Taylor proved again his easy versatility. Given one ingenue, three daisy fields and unlimited live stock, he can be relied upon to turn out five reels of linked sweetness long drawn out.

It is true that "Rogue's Harbor" has a spirited struggle with the "red peril" to relieve the atmosphere of unmitigated joy. There is also Theodore Roberts' remarkable character study to watch if Miss Minter's innocence grows too oppressive. But, on the whole, the picture is a typical film lollypop, sweet, harmless and digestible—an obvious tribute to the "God of things as they ain't."

AND while dealing with ingenues (as most of the films in this month do) it is important to remember Marjorie Daw's surprising development in "The River's End," the first independent production to be directed by Marshall Neilan and released by First National. The present scribe had known her only as the pretty child who decorated the scenes in the Fairbanks pictures through those few moments when the spotlight was not on the irrepressible and ubiquitious "Doug." In this story of Canadian snows and mountains, she is completely surrounded by handsome outlaws, Royal Mounted police and the most insidious Chinese villains that ever distinguished themselves for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." And when the startling *dénouement* resulting from these mixed elements arrives, she meets it with an emotional intensity which put her out of the mere ingenue class forever.

The remainder of the piece is good frozen North melodrama with a few love scenes that are torrid enough to melt the scenery.

THE girl who was first known as "Oscar Hammerstein's little granddaughter", has also been given a chance to prove her emotional capacity. Elaine Hammerstein makes "The Woman Game," which is produced by Selznick, an interesting and colorful presentation of the female of the species when hunting in her natural habitat. A number of boudoir secrets are revealed in this confidential little study of how males are ensnared. But, since every male thinks he is the exception to rules like these, he will probably gain nothing from it except a good laugh at the other fellow. Miss Hammerstein provides the laughs and the romance in which she is whimsically assisted by that charming juvenile, James Morrison.

FOR the most part, these stars have had the advantage of basic plots which, if not strikingly original, have been plausible and well-balanced. Two prominent stars, however, one from Goldwyn and one from Pathé, have celebrated the month by putting new life into presumably defunct situation. "Simple Souls" is an example of a hopelessly banal plot which Blanche Sweet has made absorbingly interesting through the sheer force of her personality.

It is the twice-told tale of the simple little shopgirl with tastes above her station in life and the scholarly near-sighted Duke who marries her absent-mindedly and then has his family to reckon with afterwards. The game, of course, is to bet on the struggle between the poverty-stricken relatives of the young Duchess and her aristocratic husband's family—an uncle, a mother and other disagreeable things-in-law. Needless to say, the little cockney girl wins out in the end and makes the transition from checked suit to ball-gown with an ease that is nothing short of miraculous.

PAULINE FREDERICK effects the same transformation in her latest film for Goldwyn. "The Paliser Case" has every stock situation that has ever been used in a murder mystery plot, including the mock marriage with a false clergyman. Yet in some inexplicable way, the story touches and thrills you. Most of the credit for this must belong to Pauline Frederick herself. She keeps up the suspense by making you feel so attached to the heroine that you insist on the film ending happily. It is because you care so much for her that you are interested in anything that happens to her, however improbable. Moreover, the film is decorated by a series of very lovely close-ups. Miss Frederick has never been more beautiful than in this rôle of the young artist with tam-o-shanter and violin case.

PERHAPS the most interesting film of the month from a historical standpoint, is Fox's presentation of Georges Clemenceau's story "The Strongest." Although filmed in this country and directed by R. A. Walsh, it has all the atmosphere of a typical French picture both in background and action. For the story deals with an erring mother, so entangled in the meshes of her own indiscretions that her young daughter is nearly driven to insanity as the result of a superabundance of fathers. A characteristic plot and acted characteristically by Renee Adoree, Carlo Liten and a company of French players. Evidently "the Tiger of France" when he first wrote "The Strongest" had an eye on its screen possibilities.

ALISON SMITH.

Holmes E. Herbert, Alma Tell, Mae Murray and Lawrence Johnston—a scene in the George Fitzmaurice production, "The Man Who Killed," a Paramount Artcraft picture

Another scene—and a particularly lovely one—from "The Man Who Killed," with David Powell and Mae Murray in the boat

Abbe

DORIS KEANE IN "ROMANCE"

A charming play with a picturesque background is "Romance" which has served Miss Keane as a starring vehicle not only here but in London, and in which she has achieved remarkable success. The United Artists will bring "Romance" to the screen with Miss Keane in her most popular rôle

PICTORIAL GLIMPSES OF NEW PHOTOPLAYS

Abbe

(Right)

IRENE CASTLE

Who has forsaken the stage and the dance world, and whose only love now is the movies. In "The Amateur Wife," a Paramount Artcraft picture she plays the rôle of an unsophisticated convent girl

© Ira L. Hill

FLORA REVALLES

This well-known dancer is now appearing in Goldwyn pictures. She is to be seen shortly on the screen in "Earthbound," by Basil King

POPULAR DANCERS ON THE SCREEN

Campbell

LUCY COTTON

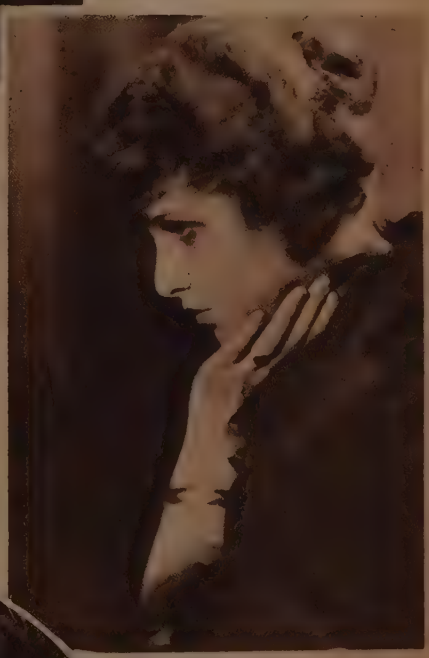
This well-known stage favorite is now a featured player in Cosmopolitan Productions on the screen. Her latest picture is "The Miracle of Love"

(Below)

BETTY BLYTHE

This attractive player is supporting Frank Mayo in the Universal feature "Burnt Wings"

Helm



Ira L. Hill

RENEE ADOREE

Who is leading woman in the Fox super production, "The Strongest," written by Clemenceau, the Tiger of France

FLORENCE WORTH

Whose next appearance on the screen will be in the Paramount Artcraft picture "The Soldier Boy"

PRETTY GIRLS IN THE FILM FIRMAMENT

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

A SPRING PAGEANT AT BRENAU COLLEGE

A SPRING PAGEANT of exceptional beauty was recently produced at Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia, under the direction of Mary Ella Perry. Both the figures and the theme were conventional, but the unusual quality of the performance lay in the artistic picture-effect produced with simple means. While there were a hundred and twenty-five taking part, the grouping was always simple. Miss Perry believes simplicity is the salvation of the amateur, and that as long as the amateur abides within his limitations, and is perfect master of the means he has, he can be as truly artistic as the professional in his wider field. Here the figure Joy is lifted into the realm of artistic fancy by the simple trick of a few delicate, fluttery balloons in one hand; Pan is able by one or two skillful poses to suggest the whole gamut of his moods.

THE lighting was also simple. The time of the pageant was twilight and to emphasize the unreality of the hour (and incidentally to enable the audience to see) several freight fusees were placed in concrete urns and gave a soft lighting, much more effective and suggestive than electric lights. The actual flame being more "Eleysian," than any colored "globes." They were renewed at intervals by one of the girls in elfish costume who was also incidentally traffic cop, and dancingly managed many situations without breaking the atmosphere of the occasion

(Upper)

Elizabeth Yaste, the personification of "Joy" in the Pageant at Brenau College.

SIMPLICITY has been the keynote of dramatics at Brenau. Altho the college has a dozen sets of scenery and a number of good drops, an elegant fawn-colored velvet curtain was made for special use in the yearly Shakesperian productions, and truly beautiful effects are produced with never more than three things on the stage. A well-chosen chair, and a cathedral candle, against the velvet background, gives all the richness of an oil painting.

The dramatic work at Brenau is under the direction of Mary Ella Perry and Grace Jean Salls. A hundred students from a student body of five hundred, specialize in the work every year. A full four-year course, was organized and established by Miss Florence M. Overton, at Brenau, and from six to eight plays are produced every year.

A Fantasy, using a hundred children, was among the recent productions. It was written and coached by Miss Perry and is now being put on in a number of cities throughout Georgia, and a company of Brenau Players, under the direction of Miss Salls is shortly to make a tour of the college centers of the State.

(Lower

A Spring Pageant staged in a setting of nature's own making, at Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia, with Camille Rogers as "Spring," and Amae Vance as "Pan"

DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES FOSTERED BY COMMUNITY SERVICE

A RESUMÉ OF PLAYS AND PAGEANTS PRODUCED BY GROUPS OF AMATEUR PLAYERS IN TOWNS, CITIES AND RURAL COMMUNITIES THROUGHOUT EVERY SECTION OF THE UNITED STATES WHERE COMMUNITY SERVICE (INCORPORATED) THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION SUCCEEDING WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE, IS NOW IN OPERATION

THE celebration of the Pilgrim Tercentenary, the great national feature of community drama this year in America and England will begin May 1st, according to plans mapped out by the Sulgrave Institution which is in charge of all of the official celebrations in England, Holland and the United States. Unofficial celebrations will occur in every section of the country from May Day to Thanksgiving Day.

Community Service has, through Constance D'Arcy Mackay, head of its Department of Pageantry and Dramatics, compiled a list of plays, pageants, tableaux, recitations, ceremonials and music suitable for the celebration of the Pilgrim Tercentenary which is distributed without charge to all communities interested. In addition to this list practical suggestions for libraries in the way of displays and exhibits, Pilgrim Bibliography and bookshelf decorations are made together with minute descriptions of Pilgrim games, costumes, pictures, posters and Pilgrim scenes with dolls. Best of all perhaps in the way of practical suggestion is the exhibit of tiny stages showing the settings for Pilgrim plays and pageants. These are collapsible models done in illustrating board, cardboard, and pastels which show both interior and exterior views of the early colonial home with every detail historically and artistically correct.

They were designed by Dorothy McDonald an Oberlin College girl who during her university career specialized in community drama, costuming, and amateur theatrical productions. The models are sent to the various cities where the Community Service Institute is held, and the working plans and suggestions presented to each community interested by Elizabeth B. Grimball.

A FORTHCOMING pageant in which all New York is concerned is "Kip's Bay—Yesterday and Today," which will be produced the latter part of April in a large auditorium in the Murray Hill section of the city.

The Kip's Bay Neighborhood Association of which so many of the fine, old Knickerbocker families of the State are active members, is putting on the pageant and no expense in the way of costuming, music and stage decorations and equipment will be spared. May Pashley Harris is the author of the pageant and it is being directed by Miss Sarah Clapp, Executive Secretary of Kip's Bay Neighborhood Association which has over 1,000 members.

500 people will take part in the pageant, and practically every club and social organization of the Old Kip's Bay region which extends on the East side from 28th to 59th Streets, will be represented; school children, industrial units, art students, members of the Colonial Dames, D. A. R., choral societies, etc.

Mrs. E. Morgan Grinnel whose husband is a direct descendant of Jacobus Kip, First Secretary of the Province of New Amsterdam, for whom Kip's Bay was named, is one of the Executive officers of the Pageant Committee.

Historical, allegorical and symbolic features are interwoven throughout the pageant story in which each of the early periods of New York history is unfolded in picturesque degrees; the Indian, Dutch, English, Colonial, Revolutionary, 19th Century, to and including the present day. It is charmingly written, and so accurate, historically, as to be of pronounced civic importance.

A FOLK theatre in which the mountaineers are among the actors has been opened by the University of North Carolina on the college grounds at Chapel Hill. Folk plays embodying local folklore, legend and history of the immediate community have been written by the students and are being produced in the Chapel Hill Theatre, under the direction of Professor Frederick Koch whose efficient work in community drama in connection with the University of North Dakota created the same widespread interest that his work in the south is now arousing.

CO-OPERATION from the talented professional artists making up the Little Theatre of Indianapolis is being given neighborhood groups throughout the State of Indiana, as well as in all sections of the Hoosier city itself. Programs of the best one-act plays for community drama are furnished without charge, by this Little Theatre, of which George Sommes is director, to these various groups, schools and colleges now interested in play production. Advice and counsel as to stage-craft methods and standards and practical ways and means of putting on good plays are freely given.

Best of all is the exposition of community drama itself, as presented by Mr. Sommes and his theatre workshop group, every member of whom is an artist. They are producing a series of one-act plays in Indianapolis this season of such rare artistry and skill that their Little Theatre is becoming one of the centers of successful community drama of the middle west and making a significant contribution to the great national movement.

The last touches to the trousseu of the Quaker Bride —scene from a Community Service Play

THE recent Philadelphia pageant "The Spirit of Womanhood" in which 1,200 people took part, set forth the life and development of women from the earliest American days up to the present time. Practically all of the women's and girls' organizations of the Quaker City—Y. W. C. A., recreation centers, social centers, war organizations, industrial plants, dramatic clubs, arts clubs and music clubs, cooperated with the women and

(Continued on page 304)

A scene from Thomas Wood Steven's "Joan of Arc" produced at Carnegie Institute of Technology by B. Iden Payne, demonstrating the use of draperies either plain or in the form of tapestries on a basis of burlap as an effective setting for many plays.

CREATING THE STAGE PICTURE

DEFINITE SUGGESTIONS FOR ECONOMICAL SETTINGS FOR POETIC, ROMANTIC, PICTURESQUE DRAMAS

By CLARENCE STRATTON

FOR setting realistic plays a good general rule is to set them realistically. This does not mean that one should go so far as the limits of inclusiveness exhibited by Mr. Belasco in *The Return of Peter Grimm*, ever since its run held up as the absolute *reductio ad absurdum* of fidelity to things as they are. But it does mean that the setting should be in the tone, in the style, in the atmosphere of the drama itself. When a director turns to drama of other kinds, he must invoke different methods. Romantic, historical, poetic, costume, fanciful dramas admit of treatments in the same veins. They allow originality, bizarre effects, pictorial settings, spectacular appeals.

Some directors have peculiar talents in one or another of the preceding kinds. One will be at his best with realistic matters, another will be successful only with the historical, a third will always be able to create unusual stage decorations. In your amateur organization, therefore, you should try to fit the group producing it to the play itself. One pair who will be applauded for oriental scenic and costume effects, may fail ignominously with the Bernard Shaw dentist's office. There is as much real stage ability in a good realistic set as in any other kind, but most amateurs will always feel that there are more opportunities for original creation in the others.

IF you are going to present even a few dramas outside the realistic field you will likely find many chances to use a back-drop answering the purposes of a cyclorama. For this, in all usual amateur productions, a back-drop as large in both dimensions as possible, is all that need be provided. In painting it, do not make the mistake of having it colored a flat bright blue. I know of one like this; it looks always like nothing except a kalsomined kitchen wall. Have your back-drop painted quite light at the bottom, gradually growing bluer as the color rises. Take a discriminating squint at the heavens from the horizon up towards the zenith on any clear day, and you will get about the proper gradation of color. Dark blue lights wil make this as deep as any night sky, while red and yellow will tint it beautifully for dawn or sunset. White, in varying degrees, will make it cold and chill.

Before such a drop you can suggest practically anything demanded by plays. A medieval town can be pictured if you set a wall across the stage near the rear, then mask at each side by showing the ends of houses. You can represent four streets converging in an open space. Or at one side you may set the corner of a house, at the other trees or formal hedges to suggest the garden, and across the back set a wall or high trimmed hedge with high barred gates. A few low rock pieces, enough scrubby trees, and a few gaunt, taller ones to mask the sides, will suggest a bleak wind-swept plateau or tableland against the clear blue sky. Put a low line of hills some feet before this same back-drop, or the blue of a distant river with the silhouette of a town on its further side, erect an angled oriental house wall at one side of the stage with a few palms projecting above it, and at the other side erect a city gate, and you have an eastern setting to serve for many different plays.

IF you set a pair of wood wings at right and left of the stage, giving the suggestion of hedges and clipped copses, a pair of lower hedges towards the rear, behind them some Lombardy poplars lower than the side trees, and directly behind the break in the hedge at the center, some flower urns and the top of a flight of steps, you will have the terrace of a formal garden quite suitable for all of *Love's Labors Lost* and Olivia's garden in *Twelfth Night*.

It will also at times be exactly the proper backing to be seen through the windows of an interior set. So useful is such a back-drop that one might almost say it should be the first piece of scenery to be purchased for an amateur stage.

THOUGH your available equipment of scenery is restricted try to avoid monotony. Remember that amateurs have made greater strides in the material aids to production than in anything else. Try in your case to make your acting as good as the sets your artistic staff can evolve. Do not adopt any single device of stage decoration and use it so frequently that it becomes monotonous. Try for as many different kinds of effects as you can conceive. Monotony will always repel audiences. Lord Dunsany's most recent skit, *A Good Bargain*, may be set unconventionally, but the interior for *A Night At an Inn* can be nothing except a room in an abandoned hostelry. Ingenuity would be not only wasted on it, but dangerous for the effect of the tragedy. Many plays of Shakespeare can be acted before curtains, but hardly Strindberg's *The Stronger*, which prescribes "A corner of a ladies' restaurant." That charming French pantomime, *Pierrot the Prodigal*, may fittingly be performed in settings which suggest a child's picture-book, but it would be the height of ridiculous folly to put Shaw's *Candida* or *You Never Can Tell* in such surroundings. Mr. Arthur Kreymborg's *Lima Beans* may be as futuristic as you please. But the first act of Molière's *Le Medecin Malgre Lui* cannot be acted among trees fantastically created by folds of colored cloth dropping from the stage loft, because everyone in the audience would recognize the silliness of trying to cut faggots from any part of that impossible forest. It is in such spreading of devices, excellent within limitations, to the wide

(*Continued on Page* 301)

THE Y. M. C. A. CRUSADES FOR COMMUNITY DRAMA

Shepherds from the fields of Bethlehem kneel before the Madonna and Child in this impressive scene from "The Nativity." The rôle of the Blind Shepherd was played by Mr. William Cyr

THERE has always been a kind of magic surrounding the word "crusade," from medieval days, when brave knights rode forth to battle, down to this year of our Lord 1920. It is a synonym for a good fight for a good cause, bespeaks ideas and ideals, and wears the glowing robes of romance. One of the most modern of these expeditions is that just embarked upon by the Department of Pageantry and Drama of the Y. W. C. A., which is sending crusaders out over the United States in an effort to develop community drama.

The idea of putting on a local production under the direction of a trained leader is not a new one. The experiment has been tried many times in numerous cities from Maine to Florida. But the usual program is the invasion of a town where with much effort and many rehearsals the director succeeds in carrying through one single performance. Then when the lone dramatic flare-up is over he withdraws and the town returns to its former state of indifference to any means of artistic expression.

Miss Hazel MacKaye, sister of Percy MacKaye, the dramatist and poet, and director of the department of Pageantry and Drama of the Y. W. C. A., has planned this new program of community pageants along a different line. It is her purpose to organize each of the eleven demonstration pageants which the Association is financing in such a way that it will be of lasting value to the community, both through the stimulus given to the interest in dramatics of high standards, and through the co-operative community effort called into play. Her program is three-fold, comprising first, the organization of the community, the production itself, and a follow-up program.

THROUGH this plan the whole community assists in making the stage settings, the costumes and properties in a theatrical workshop. This proves not only educational, but also develops a sense of individual responsibility for the success of the pageant. When the performance is over, follow-up work is carried on through a Drama Council. Thus the Y. W. C. A. leaves a definite committee to keep alive the gleam of artistic expression which has been aroused in the community. Miss MacKaye hopes that this council will serve as a clearing house for the hundreds of demands for plays which crowd the mail-bag of her department. Through

(Continued on page 306)

(Center)

Miss Helen Jerome Eddy made a strikingly beautiful living model of Sargent's Madonna in "The Nativity", one of the most dramatic and spectacular out-of-doors pageants ever staged in six parts, many of the scenes being Hollywood. The pageant was given in duplications of Sargent's famous biblical paintings, the entire theme being based on Tissot's "Life of Christ". From the initial appearance of the veiled women of the Orient to the dance of the children around two glittering Cristmas trees, the production was historically accurate and impressive

(Lower)

All the grandeur and color of King Herod's court, with its graceful dancing girls and servile native slaves, was portrayed in this dramatic scene from "The Nativity". Herod was played by Mr. Walter Long, while Miss Julanne Johnstone impersonated the Favorite Dancer. The plan of the stage set was drawn up by Mr. Wilfred Buckland, Art Director for the Lasky Studios. It was hung with rose velvet, a living tree adding much to the beauty of the setting

© F. Clarke

The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN

Ira L. Hill

THE SON-DAUGHTER negligée is irresistible, and has become a great vogue with the slender woman. It is really the Chinese costume for a young girl, but without any modification, the American woman has appropriated it for her own. When Lenore Ulric appeared as Lien Wha in the Chinese play, "The Son-Daughter" a new fashion was instantly established, which may be elaborately carried out in wondrous silk fabrics, or the lovely Chinese crepes. The youthful coiffure and side headdress is a picturesque fashion that may be adapted to other costumes, and is immensely becoming to certain types.

THE MANDARIN coat pictured below is a bit more formal, and is frequently worn as an evening wrap. It is interesting to note the sleeve arrangement, which softens the hand and gives an air of distinction to the little garment. Chiffon lines the coat, and sleeve, broadening into a wide frill that falls below the lower edge of the sleeve, and forms graceful cuffs. A short cape-sleeve is arranged over the shoulder and fastens loosely at the elbow—or if one cares to modify the model, a long cape could be added

It is interesting to note Miss Ulric's transformation from the character of the Chinese girl to her own very individual self pictured on the opposite page in various costumes worn in private life. Her sense of style and beauty is apparent in the chic costumes of every day life

The cunning Eton suit is of blue tricotine, with taffeta frills of black, a wide sash girdle, and apron tunic finished with the same tiny black frills. The under skirt is decidedly tight and short. A delicately pleated chiffon blouse, and taffeta and straw hat completes the street attire

For later afternoon wear, Miss Ulric has chosen a cream colored serge trimmed with self-colored silk braid. Only the straight long waisted bodice is decorated with white embroidery. This gown also boasts the double skirt, and is made on Chinese lines. The black lace mitts worn with the frock is one of the new summer style features.

Canary yellow chiffon and ostrich feathers make this adorable evening gown. The bodice and under skirt are of pale gold tissue, and a corsage of pale orchids nestle at the side waist line. The cut of the low neck is most becoming, and is a reversal of the recent vogue for the very décolletè back, and rather high bust line.

Lenore Ulric charms the public in her demure Hickson costumes, for daytime and evening wear

Ira L. Hill

— POUR LE JOUR —

JACKIE SAUNDERS
The clever little film actress, poses in smart attire from Bonwit Teller's

Orange georgette and silver lace drapes into a negligée of fairy charm, with a fichu collar of cobweb delicacy that is most becoming to the uncorsetted figure. The head bandeau of silver and gold lace, confines the hair while masquerading as a bit of formality

For the warm days, Miss Saunders wears a sleeveless dark green riding coat, with breeches of cream colored buck cloth. A tailored shirt of white China silk is smart and individual, and is worn frequently without the coat in boyish fashion, with only a Windsor tie as the spot of color

A wistful little summer cloud blue dotted organdie frock boasts no trimming save the minute ruffling of organdie, and an original collar treatment that is a happy suggestion for most any summer frock. A blue silk hat ornamented with blue silk fringe flares away from the face in appropriate manner

Ira L. Hill

The Spanish veil has come into its own along with other fashions Spanish. With the plateau hat banked high with pink roses and a long Chantilly veil that may be draped about the neck, Miss Beckley emphasizes a graceful style

A Watteau leghorn trimmed with French blue taffeta ribbon and flat pink roses, presents the ever beautiful hat for summer days. A soft bow of ribbon at the back adds a touch of youthfulness that is not too extreme

In Cavalier style, a dark blue straw with a profusion of French blue ostrich feathers makes a dashing and altogether debonair chapeau that provides a lovely frame and shadows for the classic face

BEATRICE BECKLEY
Appearing with Ethel Barrymore in Déclassée, shows her new hats from Joseph's

Ira L. Hill

Scarfs for the neck are a new ruling of French couturiers, and the warm days promise new ideas in tulle and satin. Already smart women are finding new ways of dressing the neck, as they find the one-piece gown most effective when topped with a picturesque drapery about the shoulders.

POUR L'APRES-MIDI ET LE SOIR

Bachrach

Peggy O'Neil designs an apple green taffeta with a slightly bouffant skirt and an original treatment of the bodice. It is folded in cape-like effect, making an overblouse in front and back, held into place with sapphire blue velvet ribbon. Created by Faibisy

Irene Franklin returned to New York recently, and as the leading comedienne in "Always You," added a lot of pep to the sparkling little comedy. She shows a great deal of dash and style in wearing smart frocks off the stage. Quite the newest is marine blue taffeta made bouffant with cords and boasting a tight basque and square neck

Frieda Hempel, who is enjoying a successful concert tour this season, is an inspiration to the eye as well as to the ear. When lustrous ivory satin forms a princess effect with a slight drapery to the side, flattering lines are added to already lovely lines. The addition of pearl embroidered lace at the irregular line of the skirt is notable

Ruth Colby

Strelecki

HELEN BOLTON, IN VICTOR HERBERT'S MUSICAL PLAY "MY GOLDEN GIRL"

SMART GOWNS FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN'S. HATS FROM MARY'S

The charm of this black taffeta frock lies in the Spanish hem of black lace, and the becoming bodice which forms a long waist line, crushing softly above the hips. Black lace fichu collar and tiny lace sleeves add a further quaint touch to the adorable costume

Geisler & Andrews

For midsummer, Miss Bolton has found her favorite frock—white handkerchief linen, hand made with clusters of tiny tucks, insertion, and the double side frill which has been introduced this season with great success. A further chic touch is found in the little sash with delicately tucked and frilled ends. The lovely picture hat is of rose colored braid straw with a wreath of tiny rosebuds

When Miss Bolton wants to appear particularly well-costumed, she wears a one-piece straight lined gown of dark blue tricotine, heavily embraidered in sand-colored braid. A narrow string belt and handsome stone marten neck-piece provides the correct silhouette. The hat is one of the new imports, of taupe-colored straw, with a smart adjustment of sand and pale green feathers

(In Oval)

The question of an outer wrap is solved in a blue-black duvetyn coat-cape with a crush collar and revere of sand colored duvetyn The simulated sleeve may be unfastened to form a fashionable cape. The blouse back is the last word in silhouette

THE VERSATILE SILHOUETTE

Alfred Cheney Johnston

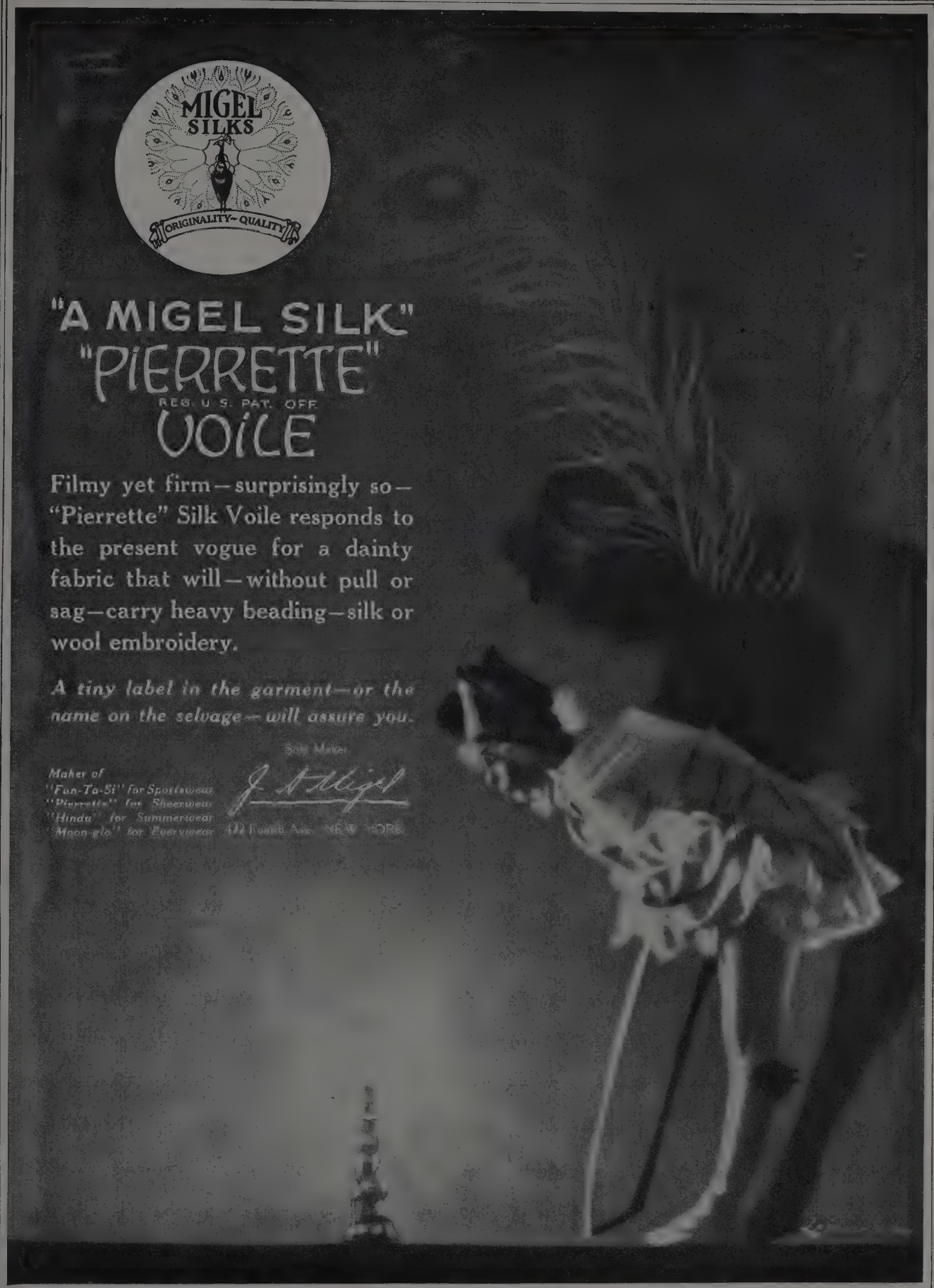
Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, formerly Bonnie Glass, the dancer, made a recent appearance on the stage in the society amateur play "What Next." The picturesque gown of gold embroidered black net is fashioned over black satin. The net overskirt swings in bouffant style over tiny hoops in lacy Spanish style, and is shorter in front than in back

PRACTICALLY every silhouette is fashionable—the bouffant, the bustle, the chemise, and the dress with the tight basque! The French couturiers have represented them all in their recent opening, and the American woman may claim another credit for the present agreeable fashion ruling. Her individuality in dressing, regardless of the dictates of Paris during the war period, has brought about a change in the autocratic methods of fashion makers, and "Personality in dress" has become the slogan. The Velasquez line is noticeable in evening gowns.

LUCILE is exploiting the crinoline in its most moderate form this year, as it is found to be well suited to the slender figure. Frequently dainty hoops, covered with gold or silver tissue are preferred to the crinoline. The semi-chemise evening gown, however, is equally charming and expresses itself anew with a slightly gathered-in skirt at the foot, with upward draperies tucked in at the waist. As a matter of fact, the smartest daytime frocks are made on straight lines, and hang from the shoulder. The waistline is slightly accented with the long, narrow tie belt.

THE fashionable suit is more specific in silhouette, and with an "I-told-you-so" air, makes an emphatic appeal to the tailored woman, or the fluffy woman for matter of that. With a fairly narrow, ankle-length skirt, and three-quarter coat, the enchanting new accessories find a rightful setting. The petite back collar of batiste, the choker scarf of Sable or fox, the coat bracelet, and the marvelous bag or walking stick, add great distinction and chic to the tailored outfit.

The eye veil is the newest fashion note.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A CLOUD WITH A SILKEN LINING

By ANGELINA

Bloomers and three-quarter length "shirties" seem to be the preferred lingérie mode for Miss Springtime, and Van Raalte shows them in pink glove silk, charmingly trimmed with lace or pink satin ribbon edging

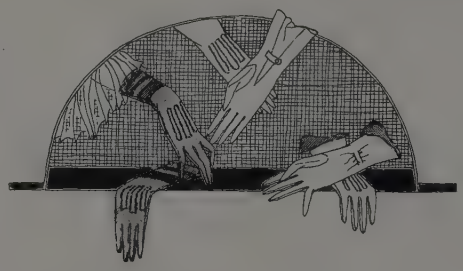
The three lovely pairs of Van Raalte hose shown here—to say nothing of that last word, socks—have openwork ankles; broad stripes all the way up; and a fine, lace-like pattern intended to be worn over a colored silk stocking underneath

AREN'T men inconsiderate wretches! Women, too, for that matter. In fact, people in general are, always tiresomely going and upsetting one's nice-laid plans. Am I too much like the girl in Du Maurier's "Society Satires," who was "awf'ly distressed"? "She did hate selfishness so," if you remember, "and everybody was *so* selfish. They all wanted to go out on the river, just when *she* wanted to play lawn tennis." Never mind. They always do. But there you are!

Madge, for instance, came on from the West. I hadn't seen her in years, and she's the best fun, witty, and such a little sport to play with. We had made all sorts of plans for my off hours. Everything was set for a wonderful time.

AND then, when she'd hardly been here more than two days, along came telegrams and "spec. dels." and "long distances" from her fiancé in Chicago. And he'd just had a sudden change of position, which included a trip to Cuba, and he was coming to take her to Havana for a honeymoon. So that's the way that apple-cart was upset. However, there is always something on the other side of a door.

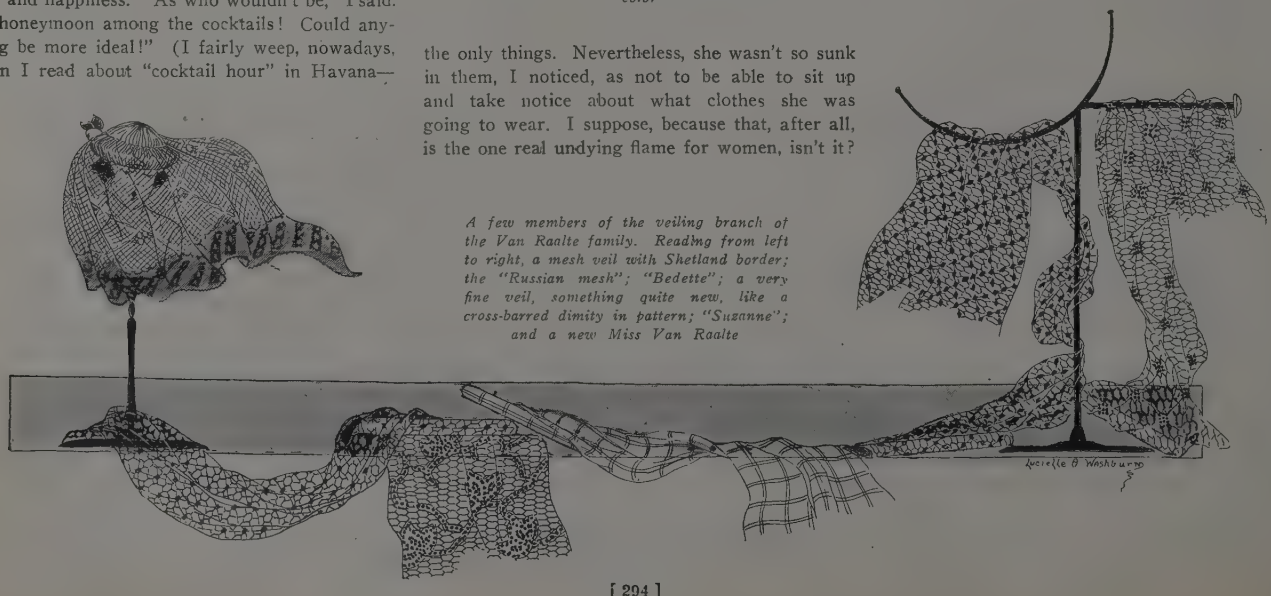
MADGE was naturally wild with excitement and happiness. "As who wouldn't be," I said. "A honeymoon among the cocktails! Could anything be more ideal!" (I fairly weep, nowadays, when I read about "cocktail hour" in Havana—like Garden in "Louise," crying for "Paris, Paris.") Madge said I was a horrid cynic. She changed overnight, and suddenly became full of "waving palms" and "soft Southern seas" and "romance," and said she didn't care whether she saw a cocktail or not. Love and Romance were the only things. Nevertheless, she wasn't so sunk in them, I noticed, as not to be able to sit up and take notice about what clothes she was going to wear. I suppose, because that, after all, is the one real undying flame for women, isn't it? And right and proper, too. You may be unlucky enough to lose love, but clothes go on forever.



Van Raalte silk gloves for spring show the novelties of wrists with hem-stitched bands in contrasting tones; of one-toned shades with straps; of sport "slip-ons," with soft gauntlets that turn back to show a bright color

IN order to save time, each of us, Mother, Madge and I, undertook a certain division of the buying. I was very foxy. I said, "I will buy your veils and your lingérie, Madge. Also your silk gloves and your stockings." I did that for three reasons. Because those things interested me most, and the thing you are most interested in you do best, don't you? Because I knew how to save time buying them. Because, most of all, I wanted Madge to have the best, and I best knew where the best could be had.

MY time-saving scheme was to go straight to headquarters, to my friend, Mr. Van Raalte, have him show me all his very latest spring things, and after I'd seen and selected from the whole stock what I liked, learn at what stores each could be purchased. Thus should I have the best in the quickest way. And thus I did. Madge's trousseau lingérie was all Van Raalte. Her veils, Van Raalte veils. Her silk gloves, likewise. Her hosiery—the newest sister added to that happy Van Raalte family—ditto. Look at the sketches on this page of a few of the things I chose and see if you don't think I did well by her.



A few members of the veiling branch of the Van Raalte family. Reading from left to right, a mesh veil with Shetland border; the "Russian mesh"; "Bedette"; a very fine veil, something quite new, like a cross-barred dimity in pattern; "Suzanne"; and a new Miss Van Raalte

Vanity Fair
Silk Underwear

Miss Virginia Lee, *whose charm adds much to the "Greenwich Village Follies," is a Vanity Fair enthusiast.*

Vanity Fair Double-Back Knicker No. 2410

Four whole inches longer than the ordinary vest—and straps that stay on the shoulder!

FEW things can be more uncomfortable and annoying than a too short undervest which rolls up under the corset. These extra four inches on the Vanity Fair vest are just what is needed to overcome it.

Then too, one might have the shoulders of an Atlas, but that would never keep the shoulder straps of dainty underthings from frisking down one's arm.

And what can so thoroughly mar the effect of one's smart georgette or organdie?

There's a place for shoulder straps, and that is neatly on the shoulder! That is just where the Vanity Fair shoulder straps remain, too. Examine a Vanity Fair Plus-4-Inch Vest and you'll see that the shoulder straps are closer together in back than in front—it's this angle that keeps them from slipping!

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All Vanity Fair underthings are made of Vanity Fair's lustrous, lasting glove-silk.

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Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves

The Programme of Fashion

(Continued from page 291)

Violet Heming, who is touring the country in the successful war drama "Three Faces East" finds time for the first gown of her summer wardrobe—a dainty dotted net with deep square neck and new apron front, from Lucile's.

THIS year a new Southern holiday place has come into the horizon in Havana—lazy, colorful, pleasure-loving Havana, where the gay society life wakes in the late afternoon to riding about, and dining in the fashionable restaurants. This is probably the reason why afternoon and evening frocks seem to take precedent over sports clothes for the moment; our "undo-without-able" sports clothes, which will blossom forth in new vesture for our Northern resorts. Dotted Swiss, Net and Organdie carry off the honors of the season, and they keep their freshness far better than most of the cotton fabrics. In the simple little Lucile gown made for Violet Heming, one can gather some idea of the charm that clings about the net frock for summer. Cool and dainty, it boasts no bizarre feature, but is trimmed with lace, and carries out the successful lingerie idea. The petite apron of net is used on many of the silk and crépe gowns, and the net or dotted Swiss fichu is an indispensable accessory to the summer wardrobe.

Simple dresses of gingham are chic beyond words. Last year gingham had quite a vogue, but from present indications, last year was only a hint as to its approaching popularity.

A new sport coat which acts as part of the gown is of striped gingham with broadcloth collar and cuffs.

Make certain

when you are measured for a silk shirt, or when you buy one ready-to-wear, that the name Loomcraft is woven in the selvage or that the finished shirt bears this label

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The Programme of Fashion

(Continued from page 296)

BLACK VELVETEEN OR WHITE BROADCLOTH FOR THE SPORTS OR TOP COAT

THE oyster white cloth coat is ultra-correct—made in three-quarter length and cut on loose raglan lines. In leaving the theatre at night, Miss Binney makes a swagger little picture with her loose ivory-colored coat of soft Kordovan cloth. The collar is shirred into a bolster roll and ties with black knitted wool streamers. Narrow black wool outlines the folds of a narrow cuff, and the lower edge of the coat swings out in bouffant lines. There is a conspicuous use of wool and wool embroidery on the newest sports clothes.

TO be particularly smart looking, one must have a black velveteen jacket or sports coat—there is nothing more effective with the separate skirt, and it is quite sporty looking or quite formal, according to the way it is cut. Constance Binney, who has been scouring the specialty shops to find the correct wrap for some smart pleated skirts, has designed a black velveteen sports jacket along the line of the sweater-coat. Worn with a black and white striped silk or cloth skirt, she has secured an outfit that is attracting a great deal of comment.

A BLACK velveteen cape or short reefer coat is an enchanting idea for a wrap to be worn with the one-piece frock; for it seems to be a restless problem as to what can be worn smartly with such a gown. With the addition of white satin tailored collar and cuffs, or perhaps the more fluffy sets of net and lace, every requirement for a youthful and becoming wrap is obtained.

COLLINS ART IN DRESS FOR THE SMART MISS FROM HER ENTRANCE INTO SCHOOL TO HER DEBUT IN SOCIETY

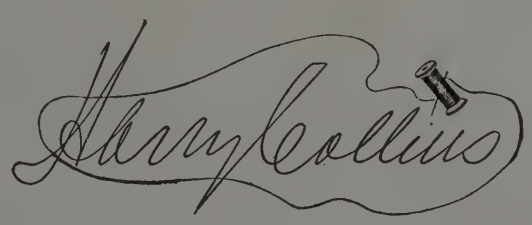
The Lines of Girlhood

YOU cannot, says Ruskin, dress women beautifully unless you inculcate the love of good taste in them in their childhood. And Herbert Spencer says with equal force that the qualities acquired in youth remain unchanged throughout one's life.

In harmony with this educational doctrine the HOUSE *of* COLLINS takes the pioneer step in dressing in correct lines the miss from her entrance into school to her debut in society.

That mastery of line which has made COLLINS *Art in Dress* notable for women of two continents has now been applied, with equal success, to clothes for children and the smart miss. Every model is original and designed for the individual figure, since the miss, too, has her individuality.

She now makes her debut in COLLINS dress symbolizing the ineffable sweetness of girlhood sculptured in flowing and beautiful lines.



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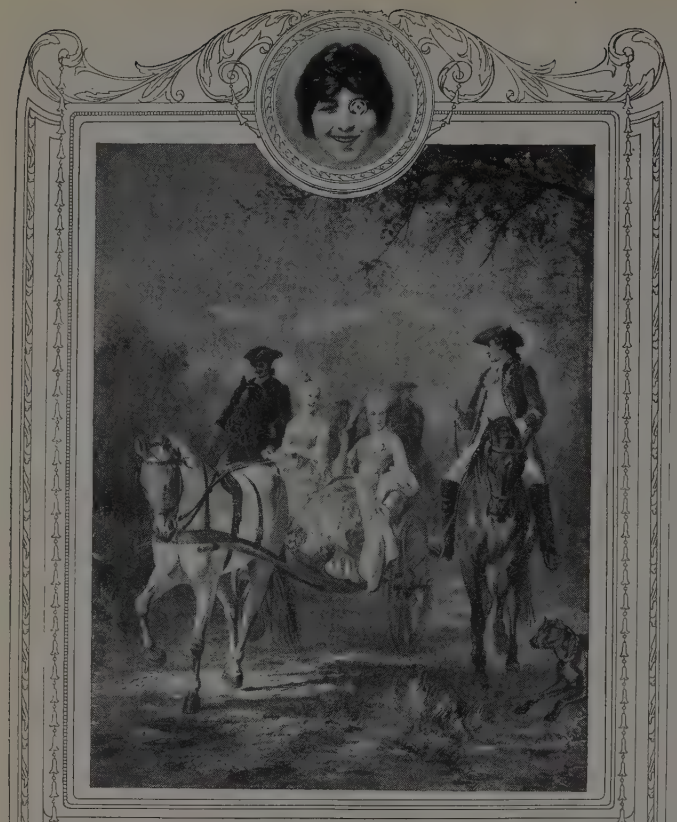

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

DO you know about the latest fad? Incense burning?

The enormous and long-continued popularity of "East is West" and "The Son-Daughter," with their Oriental atmosphere, suggested the start for this *divertissement*. Prohibition helped it on, by increasing the importance of the tea-hour. Incense served with tea gives it an added charm, it is found.

YOU purchase a lovely, squat, bronze censer, light your incense powder inside, and a faint spiral of smoke curls up through its perforated cover, winding itself gaily and fragrantly over the tea-table. The censer, or incense-burner, forms part of the decorative scheme. If your tea-service is in blue the handle-knob on the cover of the censer will be of turquoise. If in rose, of rose-quartz; if in green, of jade. And so on.

AND surely a tea-table thus arrayed, in a room thus perfumed, with shaded lights, and a charming hostess in a mellifluous tea-robe presiding, should be an excellent substitute for the diminished cocktail. Intoxication enough for any man. Leap Year, under such circumstances, is a superfluity.

ONE thinks of incense as something exotic. The liking for it limited to a few. On the contrary! The smell of incense seems to have an almost universal appeal, an appeal even for the rather conservative woman, we were surprised to find. The reason for which probably lies in the fact that it was the earliest form of perfume known or used, and the ancestral memories that lie hidden in each one of us can still be stirred by its stimulating smell. If you have been to the East, especially Japan, or if you love Eastern things and atmospheres, there are no two ways about how you react toward it, since the perfume of incense is the very breath of the Orient, "almost ubiquitous," as Lafcadio Hearn says in his "In Ghostly Japan," "one element of the faint but complex and never-to-be-forgotten odor of the far East."

HEARN has many amusing things to say about incense and the important part it plays and has played in the life of Japan. It is burned constantly in the homes of both rich and poor, before wayside shrines, in all temple ceremonies. There are incense sticks that cost a few pennies apiece, and incense, in the form of small wafers or pastilles, a small envelope of which may go as high as forty or fifty dollars.

DIDN'T you rather imagine that incense was always incense? Just the one odor, we mean? We know we did until we were told. *Mais non, chérie!* There is plain incense, simply sandal-wood; and "mixed incense," much the more precious. And the smart women who have taken up this incense fad are scouring the Oriental shops around New York, even going down into Chinatown to see if they can discover a new variety with which to surprise their friends. But Lenore Ulrich, the adorable star of "The Son-Daughter," claims that she has discovered the very best, and if anybody should be a specialist on the subject she should. We believe the combination is sandal-wood and patchouli. But the result, when burned is the perfume of roses. Miss Ulrich was scattering small handfuls of this on her wood fire, when we were there at tea one afternoon, and the room was filled with a wonderful redolence. She tells us that she also uses small bags of this incense for sachets among her lingérie and furs, especially the latter, since the powder keeps away moths. What was it called? "Temple Incense." Was it imported, or where could I get it? And Lo, it was at my very doors.

(The Vanity Box would like you to try this "Temple Incense," and will offer, free, as a birthday-anniversary-present, a small envelope of it to anyone writing to The Vanity Box, THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York City.)*

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Even the Church has given recognition of the power of the Drama to teach religious truths, in the nation-wide pageant recently presented in the Episcopal Churches, to awaken the dilatory churchgoer.

And the Theatre Magazine, as the recognized authority on the Stage and the Drama, in order to foster this new national interest has established

THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARMENT

to keep our readers in touch with what is being done in the colleges, churches and communities, toward the permanent establishment of the Play and the Drama—to bring to them the realization that something more is needed in developing and upbuilding a city or town, than the mere establishment of business and industries.

We are glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Theatricals Department, photographs and articles concerning successful amateur productions. Inquiries come to us from churches, clubs and colleges throughout the country, and this service is open to all our readers.

Address:
The Editor, Amateur Theatricals Department
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
New York

CREATING THE STAGE PICTURE

(Continued from page 284)

field of all drama that enthusiastic art directors make their monumental blunders.

LET us consider a few detailed specifications for stage settings of the kinds of plays for which amateurs are likely to need help.

First considerations are that there must be something at the back of the stage, and something at each side to mask the spaces beyond.

Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors" might be acted in a picturesque, conventionalized Elizabethan stage, such as Mr. Walter Hampden used in his "Hamlet," except that Shakespeare so definitely demands. Knocking on a gate in full view of the audience that some provision must be made for that comedy feature. If a different kind of set is attempted, let me suggest one which will answer.

Hang a blue back drop across the rear of the stage. Several feet in front of it erect a wall some six or seven feet high, above which extend several tree profiles. Have a gate a little to one side of stage center. Having set as much of this as space permits, erect in front of it all the interior for the first scene of the play. This may be merely a small boxed interior, decorated with shields, hangings, and furnishings to suggest a room in the Duke's Palace. Easily removed, it does not delay the action of the first act. If you want some slight novelty, you might make only two walls visible, sloping one gradually almost fully across stage, then bringing the short one sharply down towards the corner. Or you might have columns at the back mark open spaces through which show stretches of the trees and sky, which are already set for the subsequent scenes. After the interior has been removed, place a couple of houses, right and left; arrange a few Greek stone benches about the open space, and you need make no further changes for any following scenes of the play. In the last act the nunnery from which the long-lost mother and wife is summoned can be imagined as offstage. As the last act proceeds, an effective change in lighting will enhance the scene. One character remarks, "The dial points at five," so sunset colors may spread over the back sky, then advance to the forestage to tint the entire picture.

Such a method will produce attractive, beautiful setting at little cost. This plan might almost be called a stationary setting.

QUITE different are the demands made by Calthrope and Barker's "Harlequinade," a play admirably suited to amateur actors and audiences.

This fantastic excursion requires five different sets. They are the Banks of the Styx, an Italian Garden, Lord Eglantine's Room, the Ninety-ninth Street Theatre, exterior and interior. The last scene shows the Banks of the Styx again.

So many sets present difficulties for amateurs. For this play the matter is all the more complicated because the changes must be made within a certain time, for two characters go on talking before the curtain and announce the next scene. They even give the signal for the curtain. The stage must be completely set to have the play move smoothly. These requirements were met in the first production of "The Harlequinade" by hanging a blue back drop at the extreme rear of the stage. Just in front of this was set as much of the terrace, ballustrades, trees and shrubbery of the Italian garden as space would permit. For borders, black draped hangings were used, while long black curtains served as wings. These borders and side draperies remained unchanged throughout the whole performance, serving as black frames around the colored pictures set within and behind them.

In front of the portions of the garden already set were stood two rock-like profiles to suggest the bleak Banks of the Styx. Under a cold blue light they seemed as unreal as Hades should be. In direct lines parallel to the footlights, shafts of colored lights were thrown straight across the stage, making various planes of light. Such distribution made possible the entrance of Mercury in a brilliant high light, while all the other characters on the stage stood in subdued amber.

When this scene was concluded only the two profiles and a couple of rocks had to be removed. A couple of tree wings were set and the Italian garden was complete. To dress the eighteenth century room colored drapes were lowered from above, and blue and white wall was set straight across the rear. Furniture, pictures and costumes did the rest. The exterior of the Ninety-ninth Street Theatre was a shallow scene before a garish curtain lowered near the front. Behind it was set the black, white and green futuristic interior made by a single back drop. The removal of this, and the replacing of the rock profiles of the first scene revealed again the blue back drop and the Banks of the Styx.

It is such successful adaptations as these examples illustrated that provide the fascination of amateur theatrical production.

(Other matters concerning amateur production will be considered in Mr. Stratton's next article, the last in this series of six, which will appear in the June issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.)

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All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

When teeth lack lustre, a simple test would probably show a film upon them.

Millions of teeth which once were dull now glisten. You see them everywhere. The reason lies in a new teeth-cleaning method. Dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. And people all around you are enjoying its results.

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Every dentist knows this. All urge periodic cleaning in a dentist's chair to remove the fixed film. And dental science has for years been searching for a daily film combatant.

It has now been found. Five years of careful tests have proved its efficiency. Millions of people have proved it.

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Pepsodent combines with pepsin two other great modern requirements. Able authorities have for years recognized its merit. So it embodies all that modern dentistry sees need for in a tooth paste. It is believed to do the utmost that a tooth paste can accomplish.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

(*Continued from page 264*)

moving. I drifted about Buenos Ayres for two years, doing anything that came to hand, manual work for the Swift Packing people, drafting for the Westinghouse Electric Company and office work for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. I wasn't doing much choosing, just grabbed whatever came along. I shipped as an ordinary seaman on a British tramp steamer for Durban, South Africa, I've forgotten the name of the ship; she was loaded with mules. You have to have $100 to be admitted to South Africa, so I came back to Buenos Ayres and shipped on another tramp for New York where I became an able seaman on the American line ships. When in New York I lived in a little waterfront dive and finally went to New Orleans to join my father, who was playing a condensed version of "Monte Christo" in vaudeville. I played the juvenile very, very badly, but I had a good time and when we got back home I did a little newspaper work. Then came tuberculosis—I spent six months in a sanitorium and after I had beaten it, I started to write one-act plays. And I played in some of them. I have been a member of the Provincetown Players ever since they were organized, four or five years ago."

It is near the congenial atmosphere that fostered his talent that Mr. O'Neill makes his home in summertime, two miles along the shingle from the village is his cottage by the sea. In the winter he brings his wife and baby and typewriter to the Provincetown Inn. He no longer yearns for the life of cities and strange ports; his happiness is bound up in his home and his work. It is gratifying to know that success cannot touch him but to strengthen him and that American literature will be enriched by much sincere work from this interpreter who sees man as "one alien to the earth beneath his feet who has not yet pierced the skies above his head," yet calls out lustily: "Life is a tragedy—hurrah!"

ALTA MAY COLEMAN

THE JEWISH ART THEATRE

(*Continued from page 260*)

Hirshbein has produced a romantic comedy that has much of the whimsicality of Barrie. It is a folk play which takes most of its action from Jewish superstitions and carries a sense of Oriental mysticism, which is positively uncanny.

"The Idle Inn" is a noteworthy example of the directing genius of Emanuel Reicher, who some years ago temporarily put the Garden Theatre on the theatrical map with a superb production of Hauptmann's "The Weavers." Reicher has staged the play so subtly that even to those who do not thoroughly understand the language there is an effect of naturalness which is the height of great art.

Ben Ami as the redoubtable hero who steals the bride is a constant delight. His taunting, indomitable bravado, his passion in the scene in the woods with Miss Adler, has rarely been equaled for intensity on the stage in America. Every moment that he is on the stage is surcharged with dramatic vitality.

In the subsequent productions Hauptmann's sombre tragedy, "Lonely Lives," Pinski's Zionistic study of the mediæval persecutions of the Jews, "The Dumb Messiah," vitalized with dramatic force by Mr. Reicher's embodiment of the name part; Ben Ami's fine production of "Samson and Delilah," a modernization of the Biblical legend wherein a noble poet-playwright is betrayed to his Philistine public by his actress-wife's adultery with a rich but vulgar merchant; and in the recent production of Ossip Dymow's local comedy, "Bronx Express," the company and productions have but emphasized the shining qualities that were made so manifest in their initial venture.

FIRST AID TO FIRST NIGHTERS

(*Continued from page 256*)

comedy, "Periceiromene, or the Girl with Shorn Locks." There being no Greenwich Village barbers in Egypt to bob Peri's hair with nice sharp scissors, Menander did his level best to make an explanatory yet mysterious title, telling you all but that the hero chopped off her tresses with his sword. Plautus, the Roman Playwright, took a tip from Menander and called one of his cutest comedies "Aulularia, or the Hidden Treasure." Now, if you were the sort that liked pirate stuff, you would have known your way to the right box office.

Well, do you think you are going to chuckle at "The Jest?" Do you suppose you'll discover a new garden variety blossom at "The Passion Flower?" Do you expect to see California in 1848 at "The Gold Diggers?" You're wrong, by heck, you're wrong!

Take a lesson from the ancients. If the booking and publicity agents of stage, concert, screen and the rest of them will introduce their proteges with Enlightening Epithets, we will welcome them with open arms and gratitude for being spared our failing memories. If the authors and producers of plays will find names for their pieces that subtly suggest the character of the action, many a happy home will be spared and many a blush will blush unseen!

Mature reflection has convinced Women of good taste to expect of—

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DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES FOSTERED BY COMMUNITY SERVICE

(*Continued from page 283*)

girls of Community Service in the production of the great pageant, written and directed by Helen H. Porterfield.

Presented February 16 at the Academy of Music the pageant developed in a picturesque way the homely industries, interests and pursuits of women in the different historic periods, weaving in the song and rhythmic expression of each, and depicting the exodus of women from fireside to factory and thence to world's work. Among the representative women of Philadelphia connected with the pageant were Mrs. H. S. Prentiss Nichols, president of the New Century Club, who was chairman of the Pageant Committee; Mrs. Harold DeLancey Downs, Mrs. James D. Winsor, Jr., of Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames; Mrs. G. Plantou, Middleton; Mrs. Harrison K. Caner, Jr., Miss Sophie B. Norris and many others.

THEY are putting the finishing touches on a little model theatre at the University of Kentucky in Lexington, this week, and the students interested in community drama there will now be enabled to enlarge their program of dramatic activities for the spring and summer. This university is furnishing volunteer leaders in dramatics, pageantry and story-telling to neighborhood groups in Kentucky.

NOW AND THEN," a musical review with one hundred and fifty participants, was given Feb. 13 by the Red Circle Club of Jersey City at the People's Palace to an audience of 2,500 people. Written and produced by Madeline Stevens, Anna Vickers and Alice Keith, "Now and Then" combined song, dance, tableaux and pageant, together with character impersonations against pre-war, during the war and after the war settings. The prologue, giving the regulation W. C. C. S. information booth at the Railway station, served to introduce both the unique characters of the play and the subject of W. C. C. S. and Red Circle Clubs in general. The passing procession of canteen workers, knitters, camp entertainers, Red Cross workers, "yeomanettes," yeomen (F.), farmerettes, etc., in "Then" gives place to a symbolic representation in pageant and tableaux form in the final scene of what Community Service stands for—art, drama, music. Caroline Bojus was in charge of the dancing features; Anna Vickers of music Marjorie Place, art decoration, Gertrude Friend, costumes.

The Red Circle Club of Jersey City represents the federated clubs of the younger set, social groups girls' clubs in Jersey City churches and industries, all of which were affiliated during the war under W. C. C. S. and are continuing activities under the new organization. This winter "stunt" "Now and Then" is the first of a series of several dramatic entertainments for Jersey City planned for the rest of the season.

A GOOD citizenship pageant "America, the Melting Pot," was recently given in Denver, Col. The emigrant peoples, all in native costumes, were pictured arriving in this country and entering the melting pot, from which they and their children emerge as citizens, craftsmen, tradespeople, professional people, writers, musicians, artists. Ten characters representing the various races were featured in the pageant, and, in response to a bugle call, told the story of what America meant to them and theirs. The pageant was given in five community centres in Denver, to which the pageant troupe went in motor trucks. It was witnessed by nearly 6,000 people.

TWO plays well adapted for children and for out-of-doors production are "The Child Moses" and "The Golden Calf." The Tacoma girls have given these plays several times this year, once in Wright Park and four times in the Edison School at South Tacoma.

In the Wright Park production a green curtain bordered with lotus leaves in orange, green and red was stretched in front of poplar trees and a swamp of real bulrushes growing to the right made a realistic setting for "The Child Moses."

SO prosaic a subject as the establishment of through rail connection with the eastern seaboard in the celebration of "Transcontinental Railroad Week" in San Diego, Cal., was made vivid and picturesque last month by a water carnival, community sings and local celebrations in schools and factories throughout the Imperial Valley. Choral groups on decorated floats co-operated with officers and men of the United States Navy on battleships in the celebration of "A Venetian Night."

"POINTS NOIRS"

vs.

BEAUTY

Somehow the French words *Points noirs* do not carry as disagreeable a sound as does their Anglo-Saxon equivalent, Blackheads. Yet, different though they are in sound, they look abnominably alike in both languages.

It is remarkable and deplorable how many charming women are afflicted with them. And they are —we mean the *points noirs*—even worse than they look, since they often lead to that distressing, disfiguring, tissue-destroying malady known as acne.

We can't get rid of these little pests too soon.

As birds of a feather flock together, so do blackheads go hand in hand with enlarged pores, greasy skin, as well as coarseness of the skin fabric.

You, who are still free from these blemishes should even now, for *preventive* purposes, as those who are affected with them should for the *recovery* of their complexion beauty, make daily use of the following scientific specialties, whose efficiency has been perfected by Mme. Rubinstein since her recent return from her European trip.

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste — ($1.10, $2.20 and $5.00) efficiently removes blackheads, cleanses and stimulates the skin, working also against the return of the trouble. For more obstinate condition, Blackhead and Open Pore Paste No. 2 ($1.50, $2.50 and $5.00) is recommended.

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VIRTUES OF THE MODERN THEATRE

(Concluded from page 248)

would have recognized first of all the progress to which the modern theatre is heir-apparent through the quality of the plays produced today as compared to the quality of those produced yesterday; it would not have alarmed you so much to have found the amount, once you had been satisfied with the grade of work noticeable, for instance, in such offerings as those of Mrs. Fiske, David Belasco, Stuart Walker, to mention only a few. You would likewise have experienced the feeling of having seen in many cases much acting superior to that of the past, for example, Forbes-Robertson, Walter Hampden and Pauline Lord. You would have been impressed with stage scenic work far in advance of any previously accomplished, in the work of such men as Rollo Peters, Livingston Platt, Robert Edmond Jones, etc. You would have realized a new era in the art of direction in taking into account the accomplishments of such men as William Postance, Edgar MacGregor and John Cromwell.

INDEED, sir, it would have been borne in upon you that the theatre of these modern times in America, taken in its truer sense, stands for much more than the iniquitous sins which have been apparent to you, if you had looked upon it from a more kindly standpoint. You would have realized that such Americans as these few I have mentioned deserved at least the mention of commendation for those efforts which, it would seem, they have rather thanklessly poured into the vessel of their work. Staunch service, high ideals and steady health of purpose should yield them more than the criticism which, in forgetting their presence, you have brought to their doors. It should be borne in mind that in their work they have been as sincere as you have in yours; and when the tally is taken, it may even be found, sir, that perhaps, because of that same sincerity they will be judged to have done quite as much to further the ideals which stand for American art as you will be judged to have furthered those which stand for religion.

MY belief in Christianity has been based on the fact that the true Christian looks for the best. It is this same belief, sir, that convinces me that you will reconsider your recent paper, and that, realizing the effect of it upon those who do not claim to be a part of that element which you declaim, you will be gracious enough to correct your mistakes of omission.

A CORRECTION

Through an oversight, the name of the photographer was left off the picture of Carroll McComas, in the advertisement of La Dorine, in the February issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. The picture was taken by Abbe.

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THE Y. M. C. A. CRUSADES FOR COMMUNITY DRAMA

(Continued from page 285)

the establishment of workshops in the Association, a wardrobe, settings, and properties will be collected which will comprise a dramatic nucleus for each town. This will naturally lead toward a trained director and eventually to a Little Theatre.

Pageants have been put on in nine cities by the Y. W. C. A. The pioneer production was staged in August down below the Mason and Dixon line in Marietta, Georgia. This pageant, "The Vision of the Blue Crusaders" was directed by its author, Miss Sue Ann Wilson, to whom much of the credit for the big success achieved must be given. Miss Wilson is not a novice in this line of work, however, for she has been a member of the Greek chorus of the Granville Barker Players, played with Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney," with Otis Skinner in "Mister Antonio" and with Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'."

THIS pageant with a cast of four hundred performers was given in a big meadow before an audience of five thousand persons. Not only the citizens of Marietta, but those of all of Cobb County took part in the production, including girls from the knitting mills, kindergarten children, school girls, and debutantes. Miss Wilson marshalled her forces by means of conference meetings and talks in outlying districts. Interest and enthusiasm were promoted by community sings, picnics, and by offering a prize for the best poster cover for the program. That the success of this pioneer piece of work was not temporary is demonstrated by the fact that several dramatic clubs have been formed in Cobb County as a direct result of the pageant.

The "Vision of the Blue Crusaders" has also been produced by the Association in Salt Lake City, Utah, Dubuque, Iowa, and Wheeling, W. Va. In Astoria, Oregon, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was presented, and despite the fact that this little city of twenty-five thousand population is singularly devoid of community spirit, the performance proved a successful adventure in the spirit of getting-together. Down in Dallas, Texas, two thousand people participated in the patriotic pageant, "The Torch Bearers" which proved a drawing feature of the annual state fair.

Out in Grand Rapids, Michigan, the mayor issued a proclamation making the Y. W. C. A. pageant "The Widening Circle" the official Christmas community celebration of that city. Miss Julia Hogan who studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, and has had a great deal of experience in pageantry work was in charge of the affair. Twenty-one local artists took part in the production and have since organized in a group for carry-on work through a Little Theatre.

One of the most beautiful of the Y. W. C. A. pageants which has been produced was that given in September under the great trees of the out-door theatre on the Vanderlip Estate, Westchester County, New York. This colorful production "The Voice" carried a message of peace, proclaiming the new world arising from the ashes of an old civilization. A dozen or more towns were represented in its cast.

Hollywood is known the world over as the home of the movies. Here the Y. W. C. A. maintains "The Studio Club" for girls and women of the film world, and it was in a circular theatre arranged in front of this club that the lovely Christmas pageant, "The Christmas Nativity" was staged. This production was a spectacle of unusual artistry and beauty, its cast being recruited from the members of the club, with Mr. Frank Keenan in the rôle of the "Voice."

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

KINDLY give me the cast of "The Merchant of Venice," with Otis Skinner as "Shylock."—W. D. H., Dixon, Ill.

We have no record of Otis Skinner's appearance as "Shylock."

WOULD you please give me the names of some of the producers of musical comedies and operettas.—U. S. A., Frisco, Cal.

Messrs. Shubert, Shubert Theatre; Henry W. Savage, 226 West 42nd Street; E. Ray Goetz, 45 West 42nd Street; Comstock & Gest, 104 West 39th Street; Florenz Ziegfeld, 214 West 42nd Street; Charles Dillingham, Globe Theatre.

HAVE you published any pictures of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen?" Where could I obtain copies containing them?—M. H., Chicago, Ill.

There is a scene from "Seventeen" in the December, 1917, issue; an article entitled "The Spirit of Youth Behind the Footlights," by Stuart Walker in February, 1918; a review of the play, a photograph of Lillian Ross who played the little sister, and six scenes in March, 1918; and a sketch in July, 1918. Copies can be obtained direct from this office.

HAVE you printed any articles about Charles Ray? Has he had a stage career? Where was he born? —E. M. G., Waterbury, Conn.

We have never had an article on Charles Ray, although we have used several pictures of him. Mr. Ray appeared on the stage in musical comedy. He was born in a small town in Illinois.

WHAT issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE *contained an article about, and a picture of George Gaul? How may I secure this copy?—D. Z. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The article and picture referred to appeared in the March 1919 issue. You can secure a copy direct from this office.

IS Francine Larrimore a native of the United States? Is she a member of a theatrical family, and how long has she been on the stage?—E. H., New York City.

Francine Larrimore was born in Rouen, France. She is the niece of Jacob Adler, the celebrated Jewish tragedian. Miss Larrimore has been appearing on the stage for the past five years.

HOW can I obtain the magazine in which Margaret Hawkesworth's picture appeared? It was some time during 1919.—*M. P., New York City.*

We never printed Miss Hawkesworth's picture in 1919. There was a photograph of her, however, in the January 1917 issue.

It is against our policy to answer personal questions.—E. D. R., N. K., Pa.

HOW can I secure a photograph of Ann Pennington?—W. E. T., St. Louis, Mo.

We shall be glad to inform you in what issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE pictures of Miss Pennington were published. But if you want an original photograph you can secure one from Hixon-Connelly Studios, Baltimore Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.

PLEASE give me the correct pronunciation of the name Nazimova. —A Reader, Washington, D. C.

Na-zim-o-va- accent on the second syllable.

WILL you kindly tell me the exact opening date of the Rialto Theatre?—A. J. W., New York City.

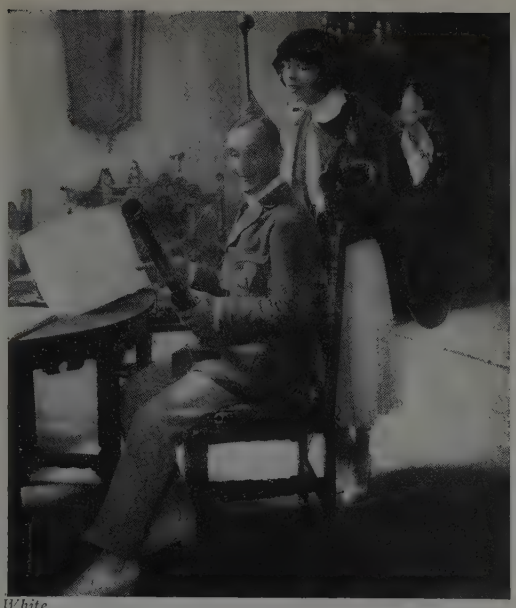
April 22, 1916.

CAN you give me some information as to Bertha Kalich's past professional career? —M. M., Toronto, Canada.

Bertha Kalich was born at Lemberg, Galicia, in 1874. At the age of fifteen she entered the Lemberg Conservatoire and studied singing. In 1890 she made her début in a comic opera company, and in 1891 she was singing at the Bucharest National Theatre. She made her first appearance in New York as a singer in 1894, at the Thalia Theatre, playing in "La Belle Helene," "The Gypsy Baron," etc. Subsequently she made a reputation by her performances in "A Doll's House," "Fedora," "Madama Sans-Gene," "The Kreutzer Sonata," all in Yiddish. Her début on the English-speaking stage was made at the American Theatre, May 22, 1905, as Fedora in Sardou's play of that name. Later that same year she appeared in the title rôle of "Monna Vanna" at the Manhattan. Plays that she has since been seen in include "Therese Raquin," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Sapho and Phaon," "Marta of the Lowlands," "Cora," "The Unbroken Road," "The Witch," "A Woman of Today." Mme. Kalich has also made excursions into motion pictures and vaudeville. Her latest play is 'The Riddle Woman."

AT what photographer's could I purchase a picture of Ernest Glendinning?—W. H. B., New Britain, Conn.

Try White Studio, 1546 Broadway, New York, or Moffett Studio, Chicago, Ill.



White

Victor Morley and Marie Carroll are prime favorites in "My Golden Girl," Victor Herbert's new musical play

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 273)

Link as the Austrian Ambassador contributes a bit of exquisite characterization and as the impetuous von Gluck, composer of "Iphigenia," one of Sophie's great successes, Hubert Wilke provides a sketch instinct with characteristic distinction. Sidney Toler is successful as the shrewd and sophisticated first Lackey and John Webster finely dignified and authoritative as the Chief of Police. Costume and scenery are handsomely appropriate.

P. S. I've just read the play in print and am quite confident that there are finer points and greater possibilities in it than are revealed by Miss Stevens and her associates.

COHAN. "THE HOTTENTOT." Farce in three acts by Victor Mapes and William Collier. Produced on March 1 with this cast:

Swift	Donald Meek
Mrs. Ollie Gilford	Helen Wolcott
Larry Crawford	Calvin Thomas
Alex Fairfax	Arthur Howard
Ollie Gilford	Frederic Karr
Peggy Fairfax	Frances Carson
Mrs. Chadwick	Ann Andrews
Perkins	Edwin Taylor
Sam Harrington	William Collier
Alice	Dorie Sawyer
McKisson	Claude Cooper
Reggie Townsend	Howard Hull Gibson

THE fiery, untamed horse, known as the Hottentot, that throws everybody over his neck, does not make his physical appearance in Mr. Collier's latest play, "The Hottentot," but his vicarious presence in the person of Mr. Collier is very satisfactory. Mr. Collier as the complement of the animal's prowess is adequate. There are few actors, the world over, who could make so much of so little. He is unique in sustaining a trifling action, keeping in it the touch of reality. Mr. Victor Mapes had only to supply him with the opportunities or the suggestion of them.

He is to ride a horse in a race, and win the cup and the lady. No cup, no lady. How deft he is! There is everything in it but arnica. We first see Mr. Collier after an experimental ride of the beast. There is half an hour of it in being dusted off, in feeling his loose teeth, discovering new bruises, having the girl sew up a rent in a difficult quarter of his pants, in listening to the butler's description of the fate of a brother in jumping hurdles. Then comes his various expedients to get out of this venture. You would not imagine that after an hour of successful merriment he could get a laugh out of a shudder when some one casually mentions the "last jump."

Finally, the race is run. It is witnessed by those interested from an automobile parked within view of the track. Nobody expects the Hottentot to win the race, but we are confident that the Hottentot is going to do something, this unseen potentiality and presence in the play. He wins. Mr. Collier presents himself for inspection in the last hilarious moments of the play, a moving picture of woe and strenuous experiences, bespattered, done up, hardly able to unclasp his fingers, and with every minute and movement some detail of the nightmare he has had in riding the horse. It is all very good drollery.

Mr. Collier is aided and abetted by a company efficient in every way. Helen Wolcott, Ann Andrews, Frances Carson and Dorie Sawyer furnish a pleasant society element in keeping. Donald Meek as the butler helped along the comedy in no small way.

44TH STREET. "LOOK WHO'S HERE." Farce with music. Book by

(Continued on page 310)

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 309)

Frank Mandel, lyrics by Edward Paulton, music by Silvio Hein, travesties and dialogue and extra lyrics by Cecil Lean. Produced on March 2 with this cast:

James Saunders	Geo. R. Lynch
May	Madge Rush
Flo	Alicia McCarthy
Jo	Mary McCarthy
Caroline Holmes	Louise Kelley
Carlos Del Monte	Dave Quixano
Robert W. Holmes	Cecil Lean
Rocamond Purcell	Cleo Mayfield
Horace Bream	Georgie Mack
Dorothy Chase	Sylvia de Frankie
Daniel V. Chase	John F. Morrissey

WHEN Horace Bream, in marrying Dorothy Chase, a dainty little thing, not uncomely in pajamas, assumed the name of his bosom friend, Robert W. Holmes, a famous American novelist, and deliberately stopped at the same hotel at which Mr. Holmes was also "stopping," little did he dream that she would be assigned to the room of Mr. Holmes, wake up in the morning and find Mr. Holmes sleeping in an adjacent twin bed, thereby securing over Mr. Mandel the one situation in "a new farce with music" called "Look Who's Here," at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

Mr. Cecil Lean, by these long and devious chances, is the famous American novelist. In the course of his experiences he sings compositions of his own in which he assures us that *"The Turk had the Right Idea," "When a Wife Gets Fat," "I Know You Know" and "Love Never Changes."* Cecil Lean is very clever in his contrivances and his methods, which enable him to make his points whether or no. Thus, in a little impromptu supper between the twin beds, after a sip of the beer, he places some flowers over the bottles (the bier).

He has a worthy assistant in Cleo Mayfield, a roguish, personable person, who when asked if she loved Mr. Lean well enough to marry him, replied, "Hardly, but enough to be a little careless with him." She says this as she seats herself, throwing an *insouciante* leg over another wholly unswathed one, with obvious and telling effect, not unwelcome to those who like the Tenderloin manner of entertainment.

Of its kind, "Look Who's Here" is a musical comedy, not too wholly, nor too broad, and entertaining in the usual manner.

PLYMOUTH. "RICHARD III." Presented on March 6 with this cast:

King Henry VI	Arthur Row
Queen Margaret	Rosalind Ivan
Edward, Prince of Wales	Burford Hampden
Duke of York	Marshall Vincent
Duchess of York	Mrs. Thomas Wise
Edward	Reginald Denny
George	E. J. Ballantine
Richard	John Barrymore
Edward	Mary Hughes
Children of Clarence	Lois Bartlett, Helen Chandler
Earl of Warwick	Walter Ringham
Duke of Buckingham	Leslie Palmer
First Murderer	Tracy Barrow
Second Murderer	Cecil Clovelly
Richmond	Raymond Bloomer
Queen Elizabeth	Evelyn Walsh Hall
Lady Anne	Helen Robbins

WITH a fine natural aptitude, a noble devotion to a high ideal and an untiring disposition to hard, earnest work, John Barrymore has reached a high and honorable place in the dramatic world. It is not too much to say that he is today the hope and leader of what is best and most artistic on the American stage. He has reached this distinguished apex by judicious, thoughtful labor and by his recent interpretation of the name part of Richard III has capped his youthful head with still more laurels.

The original traditions of the bloody Richard, from Edmund Kean to Edwin Booth, have gradually faded away. Mantell alone is left to represent the Gloster of the old school. Nearly twenty years ago, Richard Mansfield gave his rendering which, at the time, was deemed epochal, so deviating was it from the established traditions. Now comes Mr. Barrymore with a still more radical tendency to divest it of its bloody bludgeonings and to invest it with a rarer subtlety, suggestive of the none less bloody, but more polished processes of the Renaissance. For the tone or *motif* of Mr. Barrymore's reading is *Italianate* rather than Anglo-Saxon. This spirit even attaches to his dressing of the part.

Mr. Barrymore's Richard is a most interesting artistic experiment. He strikes out in new directions with a fine insight for effects, he uses methods almost his own to reach results others have obtained by sheer brawn and muscles. He makes his audiences respond to the delicate workings of his brain and so produces a portrait which, if not quite the humpbacked tyrant of the Shakespearian line, is still something wonderfully brilliant, daringly bold and insistently fascinating.

His approach to the throne of England is accomplished by fine acting—subtle, fluent, adroit, finished, and with a quality of humor *débonnair* and convincing that helps to make comprehensible this monster's uninterrupted progress to the crown.

Once a King, he seemed to partially lapse more into the conventional lines. To me he ever suggested Louis XI rather than that Richard who, drunk with power, razed all opposition to his power till Nemesis razed him on Bosworth Field.

The original text of Shakespeare's "Richard III" is a succession of episodes. If you cut these down and then tack on two or three scenes from "Henry VI," Part III in addition to the ones Cibber employed, you are not making for particular clarity or sustained illusion. It is this fragmentary quality of the version Barrymore uses, the episodic panorama that so incessantly opens, discloses and fades away, that one gets a particularly bewildering effect of a phase of history of itself none too simple. Be that as it may, it is

(*Concluded on page* 312)

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 310)

fortunate in these days that some one has the temerity to produce Shakespeare.

To Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones who devised the ingenious, luxurious, illuminative and superlatively artistic setting, be tendered our grateful and most appreciative thanks.

The pictures are superb in color and tonal effects. Some groupings and effects devised by the stage manager are incongruous and inept, as an instance, the appearance of the murdered spirits—and the dialogue, too, is frequently reduced to colloquial ineffectiveness—but the whole attempt is so earnestly sincere and in such a worthy direction that it would be captious to enter too much into debatable detail.

The scene where Gloster, seated on a white palfrey gorgeously caparisoned himself, a scarlet cloak thrown about him, persuades the young princes to enter the Tower from which they never emerge is a regal tableau instinct with the finest imaginative significance.

It is a well-known fact that actors capable of reading Shakespeare properly are few and far between. A few of the capables are numbered in the company. Too many beginners in this field have been garnered in to fill out the many rôles. Histrionically, the production is not well balanced.

Evelyn Walsh Hall with fine dignity and distinction acted Elizabeth, Queen of King Edward; E. J. Ballantine was a sweetly resigned Clarence, while Stanley Warmington, doubling Lord Clifford and Catesby, imparted to each its needful characteristics. The murderers were deftly delineated by Tracy Barrow and Cecil Clovelly.

CRITERION. "THE LETTER OF THE LAW." Drama in four acts by Eugene Brieux. Produced on February 23 with this cast:

Madame Vagret	Zeffie Tilbury
Bertha	Leona Hogarth
Vagret	Russ Whytal
Cataliena	Josephine Wehn
Delorme	Goldwin Patton
Madame Bunerat	Maud Hosford
La Bouzule	Clarence Derwent
Bunerat	Charles N. Greene
Mouzon	Lionel Barrymore
Ardet	Charles Coghlan
Benoit	James P. Hagen
Bridet	L. R. Wolheim
Etchepare	Charles White
Yanetta	Doris Rankin
Etchepare's Mother	Ada Boshell
Attorney General	Lionel Hogarth

THE season of 1919-1920 will go down into theatrical history as the great Barrymore year. From three separate playhouses the name of the sister and her two brothers blazed with electrical stellar significance.

In "La Robe Rouge," Brieux presents his thesis with impartial fairness. The fable by which he adduces his facts deals with a Basque peasant, Etchepare, who finally and properly acquitted of a charge of murder has home and future wrecked through the unconscionable efforts of the prosecutor. In his mad zeal for preferment through a conviction, Mouzon violates all the decencies of justice and brings into bold relief the iniquities of "the third degree" as practised in the French methods of judicial procedure.

Having raked a scandal in which Yanetta, Etchepare's wife was involved, and of which he knew nothing, Mouzon uses it as a means to secure a confession. Although it fails, Yanetta, robbed of her husband's confidence and love, stabs Mouzon with her own paper knife.

It is rather as an actor of distinct character rôles that Lionel Barrymore's reputation is concerned. Mouzon is almost a straight part. With such variety of reading, facial expression and little touches of individuality does he invest it that he makes it something more than the mere prosecutor with an ulterior purpose. It is altogether a sustained and distinguished piece of acting.

Yanetta is played by the star's wife, Doris Rankin, with fine sincerity of intent and real capacity of expression. Russ Whytal depicted with gentle graciousness the prosecuting attorney with a conscience and the accused Etchepare was capably and feelingly acted by Charles White.

Photocraft

Cleo Mayfield and the McCarthy Sisters make a sprightly trio in "Look Who's Here," at the 44th Street Theatre

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Twentieth Birthday Number

THE MAY ISSUE

The Theatre Magazine will celebrate its Twentieth Birthday with the May 1920 issue, after Twenty Years of devotion to the Stage and the Drama, and elaborate preparations are under way to make it an issue that will be treasured by theatregoers and students of the drama, wherever magazines are read.

CONTRIBUTORS

E. F. Albee, Richard Aldrich, Blanche Bates, Ex-Attorney Gen. James M. Beck, David Belasco, Sam Bernard, R. H. Burnside, Louis De Foe, James L. Ford, Daniel Frohman, Jack Gleason, Bel Ali Haggin, Clara Morris, Guy Nichols, Clarence Stratton, Augustus Thomas, Helen Ten Broeck, George C. Tyler, Ned Wayburn, etc.

THE FIFTH ESTATE—MOTION PICTURES

The Romance of Motion Pictures, during the past decade, told by the camera and prominent writers. Full page portraits of screen favorites, their lives and their work.

How the Screen Perpetuates Today, the Dramatic Successes of Twenty Years Ago, by Richard A. Rowland.

The Latest Wizardry of the Pictures—By Harry Revier.

PICTORIAL FEATURES

The May Number will be richly and liberally illustrated with full page portraits of the prominent favorites and lesser stage lights of today, in colors, half tone and rotogravure.

How some of the Leading Players Looked Twenty Years Ago and What they Were Playing—David Warfield, Ethel Barrymore, Robert Edeson, Maude Adams, James K. Hackett, William Faversham, Margaret Anglin, Mrs. Fiske, etc.

Great Stars of Twenty Years Ago Now Dead—Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. John Drew, Mme. Modjeska, Richard Mansfield, Fanny Davenport, Ada Rehan, Louis James, etc.

Popular Playwrights Twenty Years Ago—Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch, Edward Harrigan, George Ade, Charles Hoyt, Augustus Thomas, William Gillette, Martha Morton, Madeleine Lucette Reilly.

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Leading Music Hall Managers Twenty Years Ago—Tony Pastor, Koster and Bial, Keith, Proctor, etc.

Leading Playwrights of Today at Their Desks—Avery Hopwood, Cosmo Hamilton, Channing Pollock, Rupert Hughes, Jules Eckert Goodman, etc.

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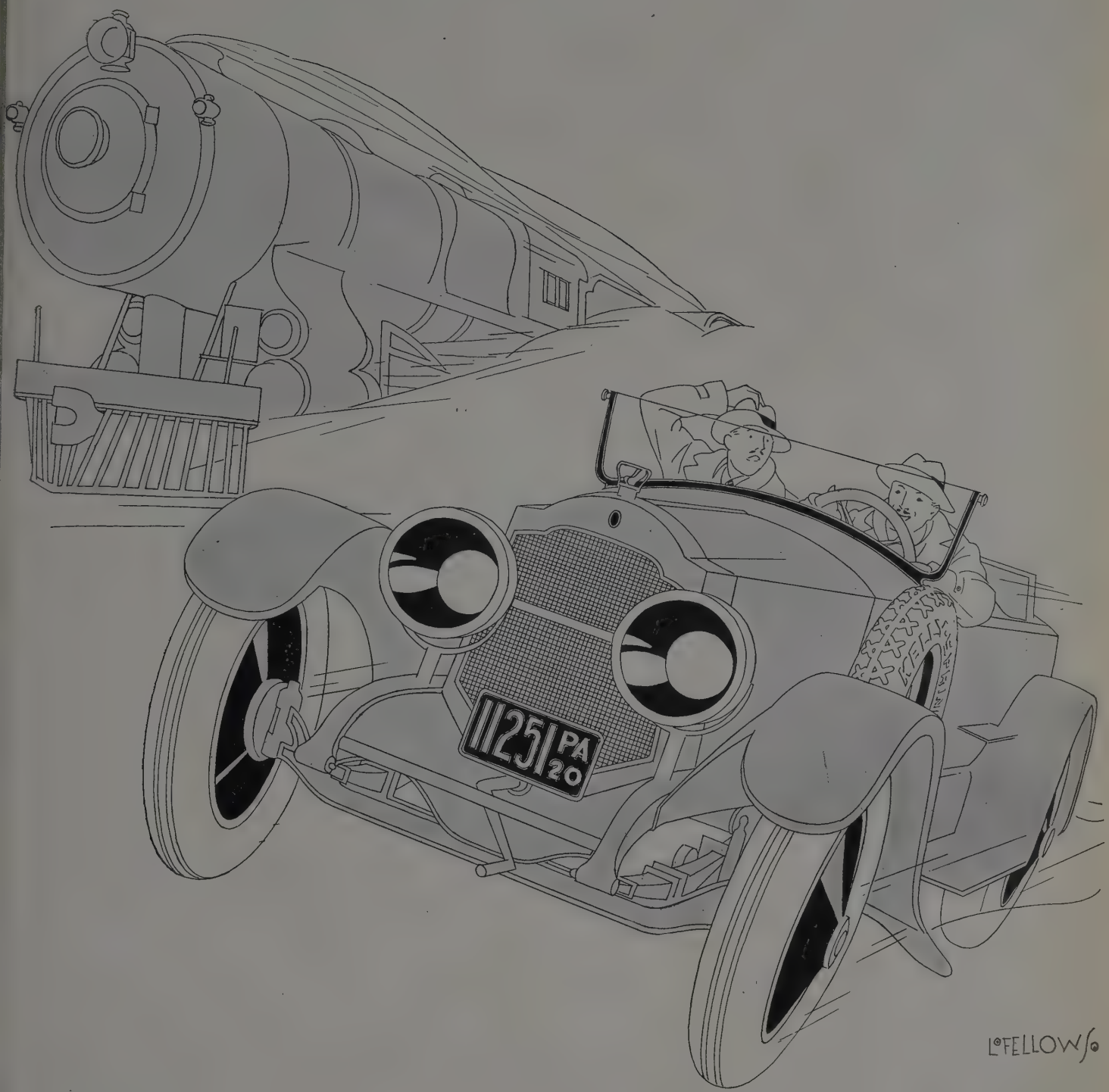

"Suppose one of the tires should blow?"
"Not a chance, my boy; Kelly-Springfields on all around."

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IN DEFENSE OF THE PLAYER

Another Answer to Dr. John Roach Straton

DR. Straton's point of view is very interesting, but as he states his impression is it not the somewhat narrower view of a man who stands in the pulpit? Is he not blaming the stage for many faults that are inherent in the people themselves, and inherent in this most chaotic period when people are trying blindly to re-adjust themselves after the five years of war?

There is no denying that there are in New York too many performances in the legitimate theatres that are low and vulgar in the extreme, appealing only to the lowest arts. Less than three weeks ago a prominent manager who is trying to produce the better sort of plays told me that in the last ten months there had been in New York twelve plays, the plot interest in each being centered around a bed, a bedroom, or a pair of pajamas. To speak of art in the theatres in this connection, is to desecrate the meaning of the term.

There is no denying that many of the managers will stoop to any degradation, will stop at no outrage of decency, if they imagine any pecuniary benefit thereby.

BUT the best element in the theatrical world, and there is a large "best element"—larger than Dr Straton imagines, objects to this degradation of the stage as much as does Dr. Straton himself. Their protests are heard on every hand; not only do they uplift their voices, but they put up their money to down these objectionable influences that the best theatrically may have its place in our theatres. I am told that such men as Winthrop Ames, Mr. Hopkins, Ben Greet, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, and Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and a host of other managers have sacrificed thousands of dollars yearly to present the good, the noble, and the elevating. The simple fact is that the great rushing population of New York with its 500,000 strangers daily, with its abnormal methods of living in small apartments, with its ceaseless activity for unreal pleasure, will not always back up the theatrical manager who is trying to produce the best.

Dr. Straton writes: "I appreciate the part that the actors and other citizens played in connection with war activities and rejoice in their patriotism." In my humble opinion the intense patriotism and loyalty of the actor, actress, and manager has been so unique, so much apart and beyond all other types of patriotism that we have observed, that it ought to be a great privilege and pleasure as well as a duty to show one's appreciation of it. This burning zeal to help extended from the highest to the lowest, from the manager and leading actor to the chorus girl and scene shifter. I shall never forget a benefit given by the stage women in the earlier part of the war, before the nation was fairly aroused, long before it really had the "will to win." The manager gave the theatre, the actors and actresses presented one of the finest entertainments I have seen in New York for 20 years, and at least 75 per cent. of the audience was made up of theatrical folk who had paid $2 a seat to see the performance. This is typical of thousands of instances of the patriotism of the stage people during the war. It may be patriotic to help build ships at $10 a day, it may be patriotic to grow wheat at $2.75 a bushel, but the burning zeal, and personal self-sacrifice of the good people of the theatres through the entire war, from first to last, will form one of the sublimest pages of the work done in America behind the lines.

DR. Straton appears to blame the actors of America for trying to open the theatres on Sundays. Yet for the past 20 years the actors of America from the biggest to the lowest have exerted every energy to keep the theatres closed.

But why do 5,000 people stand in line to get seats for a theatre accommodating only 2,000? It is conservatively estimated that 200,000 people in New York every Sunday night are turned away from the theatres because of lack of seats. In the last four weeks something like 8 theatres have opened their doors on Sunday night for so-called concerts, in response to the people's demand. Why do not these people go to the churches when they are turned away from the theatres? The seats in the churches are free. What is it that keeps them away?

In speaking of what he sees at the entrance of a Harlem burlesque house, Dr. Straton says, "I see the citizen of New York being enticed to the play houses on Sunday, and thus tolled away from the churches. Has this scum of humanity known as the 'burlesque fiend' ever been reached by the churches in the past 25 years? Has any church excepting the Salvation Army ever made even a single attempt to get this individual within its doors? In other words, is the burlesque house seriously competing with the good churches of New York?

AGAIN Dr. Straton blames the *burlesque theatre* (and therefore, the *theatre*) for the immodest display of bathing costumes. It is the com-

Again Dr. Straton blames the *burlesque theatre* (and therefore, the *theatre*) for the immodest display of bathing costumes. It is the commonest knowledge that the costumes worn by young women of church Sunday Schools on their picnics to Atlantic City are oftenest the most indecent, and occupy the attention of the police authorities most, yet no one blames the church for the indecent actions and improper dress of its members.

Is it not true that Dr. Straton's arraignment of the theatre and its people is too sweeping and too greatly lacking in justice? Is he not ask-

HUDSON HAS ALWAYS LED IN COACH DESIGN. IN ALL MODELS—OPEN AND ENCLOSED—THE UNDISPUTED MECHANICAL SUPERIORITY AND ENDURANCE OF THE SUPER-SIX MOTOR UNITE WITH BEAUTY OF LINE, LUXURY AND RIDING COMFORT THAT APPEAL TO THOSE ACCUSTOMED TO FINE QUALITY IN ALL THINGS.

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And there never could be such ginger snaps as ZU ZU GINGER SNAPS, the spicy, always-snappy kind that little children and big children love to eat.

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And when it comes to food for strength, what surpasses tasty, zestful N. B. C. GRAHAM CRACKERS?

Never forgetting UNEEDA BISCUIT, the world's perfect soda cracker.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

IN DEFENSE OF THE PLAYER

ing entirely too much of the theatre? He demands more from the theatre (which is frankly only a place of entertainment) than the world demands of the church whose primary aim is to uplift and to save. He is indignant because only a part of the theatre uplifts and elevates. He wants it all to uplift. The world asks why the churches don't do more to uplift and to elevate. The churches are expensively organized to elevate and to save. Yet who is uplifted—who has not already been uplifted from childhood, who is elevated who is not already elevated, and who does the church save who is not already saved? Those good, saintly members who are the back bone of our churches have always been good, elevated in ideals and saved. Can the church claim credit for the fine lives of its members, any more than a school or college can claim credit for giving a fine education to a naturally bright boy? The same boy would have become educated had he lived in a barn all his life—with none of the advantages of our excellent schools. Yet the church is not blamed for not reaching any except those who are already saved. The church has a splendid influence for good, but is it making the most of its opportunities?

THE churches of the U. S. are splendidly organized: they have exspensive edifices, parsonages, and church houses; they maintain the best leaders in the land with good salaries; they have a permanence and solidity both as to methods and to discipline which is to be envied in every way; they are magnificently complete and incomparably well-organized. Yet, considering its great wealth, its large and choice membership, its splendid leadership, and its fine organization, is it doing its share to uplift and help and elevate and comfort and save those who most need the all enfolding help and comfort of God?

The theatrical people would be the first to admit the moral and artistic short comings of the theatre but there is a vast army of high-minded and noble-motived men and women of the stage who are making every effort to stand above these short comings that the world may be better. There are managers and playwriters who are devoting their lives and their fortunes that the public may have clean, wholesome entertainment, that indirectly, lives may be sweetened, and uplifted, and that souls may be recreated.

W. W. M.

VICTOR RECORDS

On a new Victor Record Caruso sings his own Italian version of the Latin "Ave Maria." The melody, like a golden river of sound, is carried along by the voice of the singer in complete and glorious harmony with the voices of stringed and wood-wind instruments and the tones of bells and a harp.

Frances Alda is a great singer of love songs. For her latest Victor Record she has chosen "If You Could Care," the love song from the musical comedy success, "As You Were." The song, which is in a slow, delicious waltz time, has taken all Europe by storm and promises to meet with equal popularity on this side.

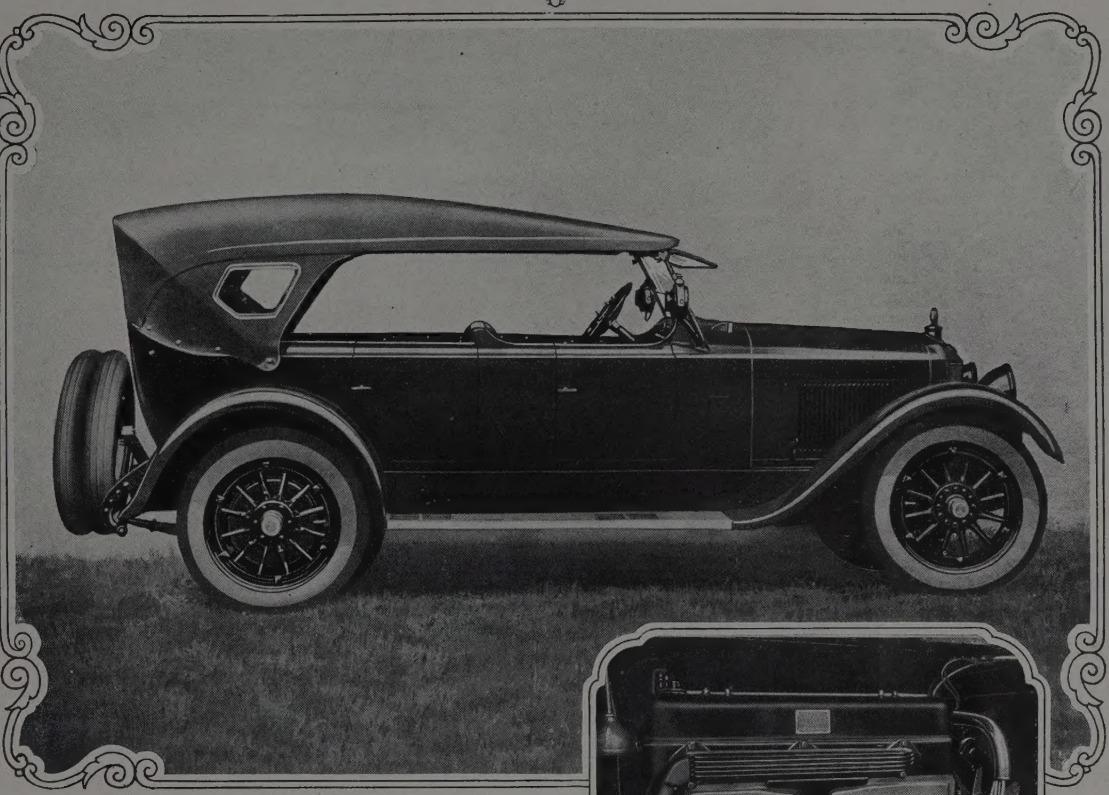
A Gypsy serenade, as lovely as it is weird and capricious, is played by Fritz Kreisler on one of the Victor Records for April. The serenade is introduced by a brief orchestral passage, and one wonders for a moment if the violin is that of Kreisler. Then the mighty tone of the master is heard, clear, incisive and eager, as if the very soul of the serenader went forth into the voice of the instrument. The ear is surprised, delighted, and one feels like having lost a dear companion when the serenade ends.

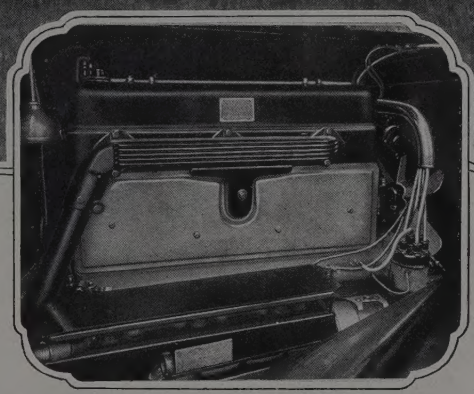
Two of the loveliest cradle-songs imaginable are sung by Elsie Baker on a new Victor Record. "Sweet and Low" has a rocking, lilting rhythm that haunts the memory. "A Southern Lullaby" has a refrain that Miss Baker hums in her warm, rich, flute-like voice with the buzzing effect of the violincello.—*Adv.*

TRAVEL TO BELGIUM

For the purpose of facilitating travel to Belgium, specially in connection with the Olympic Games which will take place at Antwerp this summer, the Belgian State Railways have closed special arrangements with the International Sleeping Car Co. which is a Belgian Corporation, whereby L. J. Garcey the general agent of the latter company, with offices at 281 Fifth Avenue, corner of 30th Street, New York, will act in a like capacity for the Belgian State Railways.

Mr. Garcey has resided in this country for over 20 years, which he has spent in the Travel and Steamship business and is consequently well acquainted with the requirements of American passengers. He was born in Belgium, knows Belgium thoroughly and therefore will be in a position to give full information regarding his native country to American travelers.





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BEAUTY, undeniable, combined with a quiet dignity and an air of unusual mechanical worthiness—these are the eternal qualities of this aluminum motored Premier. Fundamentally it is a big-hearted, lovable car, with no apparent bottom to the generosity of its power and endurance. And its gears are shifted—electrically, an advantage enjoyed by no other motor car.

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A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to **double your income,** double your opportunities and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once.

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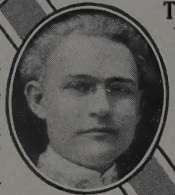
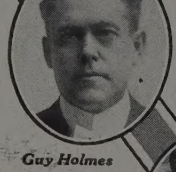
Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra, and familiarizes you with many facts you would like to know, whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional. It illustrates and fully describes the virtues of each model of the Saxophone Family. **Ask for your copy.**



Will F. Newlan

Clay Smith



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Clay Smith, Trombone Soloist, of the popular and well-known Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet: "Your new model 37 Trombone is the best on the market today. I can play my difficult solos better, and with less effort, than ever before."

Guy Holmes, of the widely-known Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet: "I don't believe there's a Cornet made that would equal the Buescher-Grand. Every note is clear and so easy to blow."

Lawrence Affonzo, one of the leading band and orchestral directors of Brooklyn: "The Buescher-Grand Cornet is by far the best I have ever played. I have never heard its equal in tone qualities and action."

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is a graceful and classic model of art that completely fulfils the requirements of the Cornetist. Any player with fair ability can play from low to high C or vice versa with accuracy and produce F (5th line), G (1st space above) and B (2nd space above) clearly and distinctly without extreme effort or pinching. The tone is smooth and even throughout the entire compass. Its valve action permits the utmost agility to rapid passages.

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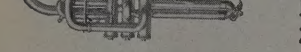
You can order any Buescher instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Ask us to send you names of users in your locality.



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Men and women of ability can make money representing Theatre Magazine, during their spare time. For full particulars, address *Department A,*

THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. - 6 East 39th Street - New York

THEIR GREAT LOVE MATCH

(*Continued from page 252*)

Mary's plain face was illumined into spiritual beauty as she lifted it for her sister's kiss.

"To think that you were ever afraid of life, my dear little sister." Suzanne's smiling face grew suddenly grave, a little pale. "I think I am still a little afraid." She looked wistfully at her husband.

"I'm not," he clasped her waist, then withdrew his arm in simulated horror. "Unless you are so modern that you believe in the new practise of husband beating."

M. A. stood on the curbstone beside Mary. Benevolence lent a glory to his homely face.

"A long life and a happy one," he called after them, shaping his lips to the added phrase "but pad peesness."

LATE in August they returned from their woods life in Canada barely in time for rehearsals with the new members of the company. They looked hale and tanned and transcendently happy. In mid September they resumed their life of vagabondage save that they said there was the grind of wheels instead of the song of birds, the odor of bituminous smoke instead of the fragrance of pines. Two years followed of long and profitable tour, with the brief interruption of the Broadway circuit in New York and environs.

When the "Girl in the Inn" had run its play-long life M. A. had found another. In "The Whirlpool," Suzanne had her chance and rose splendidly to it. Interviewers sought the story of her rise. She ascribed it affectionately to her husband, who, she said, had discovered her and given her her chance. Besides there were the incalculable advantages of being in his company and of learning directly and indirectly the art of acting from him.

THE newspapers and magazines began to allude to them as "the Kendals of America" and to theirs as "the model marriage of the profession." Broadway gave birth to the phrase "Their Great Love Match."

They had entered upon the seventh year of their professional association and had been married for six years, when influenza caused the closing of their play. Mary Groton, who had been doing war work in France, cabled her sister "Dangerously ill. Will my little sister come to me?"

Suzanne, her hands resting upon her husband's shoulders, asked: "Shall I go? This will be our first separation. Separations are terrible between those who love."

"She is your sister, dearest. You must."

"But you are my husband. I am an old fashioned wife. If you say 'Do not leave me' even now I will stay."

"No, dear. No. I will cable her you will come. I will order passage for you on the first French steamer. I wish I might go with you. But I must stay and be ready for our re opening as soon as this plague ends."

HE escorted her to the La France. He led her to her stateroom and kissed her for her little shriek of delight at sight of the flowers that he had sent to her suite.

"Take off your glove, dear," he gently commanded. Without question she did and placed her waiting hand in his. On her finger he slipped a ring. It had an emerald set in dull gold.

"Read the inscription when you have lost sight of me in the crowd," he said and kissed her.

On the dock he stood, his hat in his hand, watching her. The sunlight shone upon his head. His figure melted into the crowd. Her eyes filed. She went to her deck chair, sat upon its edge, and slipped the ring from her finger. Within was inscribed "Galeed." She recalled the day they had sat at the door of San Luis Obispo mission and read Marah Ellis Ryan's poignant romance of that title.

"Galeed," she breathed the translation. "God watch between thee and me while we are parted one from the other."

SHE stretched her arms toward the receding land. "My love," she moaned. "It nearly kills me to leave you."

In her room in the little pension close to the Arc de Triomphe, Mary was slowly dying. There was no doubt of that. It might be a tedious death. The little French doctor shrugged his shoulders. "We may not measure vitality, dear Madame. But it is death."

Mary, in her old selfless way, was concerned only for the happiness of her little sister.

"You are as happy as I expected you to be," she said, her eyes, faded by illness, searching her sister's features.

"More, dear Mary," Suzanne stroked the brow round which the framing hair was turning gray. "I am idiotically happy. I worship that man. He is my deity. I love him so much that the touch of another man, even in a dance, seems profanation of something sacred. Ridiculous? Yes, I am ridiculously happy, my faithful sister."

She made the homeward voyage alone, save for the silent witness beneath the casket lid in the vessel's hold. She buried Mary in the village cemetery in their quaint southern village home. Howard Stanley stood beside her at the graveside, his arm linked with hers. The southern papers printed rhapsodical editorials about the Great Love Match of the Stage.

WHEN they had locked the world out from their Long Island home and Suzanne had dried her eyes from

(*Continued on page 324*)

We make MURADS of 100% Pure Turkish tobacco to give 100% enjoyment to smokers of 100% good taste.

"Ordinary" cigarettes cannot be 100% Turkish — and you cannot afford to smoke cheap quality cigarettes.

There can't be a better cigarette than MURADS till the world finds a better cigarette tobacco than Turkish — and that does not exist!

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Any Victor dealer will gladly play any of the thirty-nine Schumann-Heink records, or Victrola Records by any other of the world's greatest artists. Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

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